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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## Madcan's

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## THE VIEW FROM HERE BY PETER C. NEWMAN

During his four years in office, Pierre Trudeau has divided Canada: his Caesar's Gaul, into three parts. The division, both geographical and psychological, is into Upper Canada (Ontario), Lower Canada (Quebec) and Outer Canada (the rest of the country). Nearly all of Ontario's political energy has gone into fashioning policies and patronage for Lower and Upper Canada, leaving the people of Outer Canada to fend for themselves. Quebec and Montreal have gained a special relationship with the federal power, but Toronto remains the cultural and economic centre of the Canadian experiment. In this sense we devote nine pages to proving that, while it may be a great city to live in, Toronto is a terrible place to contemplate. Other Canadians may comfort themselves, with the realization that general elections can be great equalizers. Toronto and its environs account for only 24 of the 264 seats, which will be at stake in the coming campaign.

The trouble with this equation is that Toronto has always been able to exercise a disproportionate influence over federal policies because the bulk of the electoral funds on which Canada's parties depend are collected from Toronto's special interest groups. According to Professor K. Z. Pollack, who was research director of the federal Advisory Committee on Election Expenses, the 1988 campaign cost the parties \$5.9 billion and the bulk of the money came from Toronto. The bill for the 1972 election will no doubt be even larger, but the source will be the same.

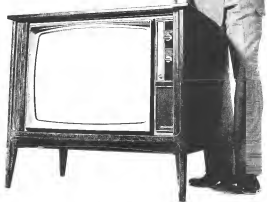
One of the few specific promises made by Pierre Trudeau during his electoral sweep four years ago was that he would implement the Pollack proposals for electoral reform, which have been gathering dust in prime ministerial filing cabinets for years. (The committee recommended a practical alternative which would provide electoral funds out of the public purse and grant all parties greater access to the media, especially television.) But when he was asked recently why nothing had been done, the Prime Minister lamely answered, something about there not having been enough votes. Then is the land of excuse politicians give when they haven't got the courage of their intentions, let alone their convictions.

The real reason why politicians shy away from this wild issue is that such a fundamental reform would unravel the familiar system by which they are elected. But, as Professor Pollack points out, it is in the disbursement with the findings of the electoral process (which has helped to produce the sense of political inefficiency that has contributed to the growth of neo-parliamentary oppositions of the Right and Left with their common proclivity to tolerate Reform in the wild west of party politics might well assist in restoring faith in the possibilities of democratic control.

Whatever else it does, the 1972 election should settle this issue, so that in the future politicians of all parties are able to act in the public interest, without having to look over their shoulders at the special pleaders who pay their bills. ■

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**AIR CANADA** 

## THE VIEW FROM Ottawa BY BRUCE THORDARSON

Central to Pierre Trudeau's philosophy is the idea that the basis of political society is the individual human being, possessing "inalienable rights, over and above capital, the nation, socialism, the Church, and even the State."

The goals of government, Trudeau once told a parliamentary dinner in Australia that was expecting him to talk about the Commonwealth or trade, should be to reduce "maximum human dignity, maximum human welfare, maximum environmental quality, and maximum welfare in human relationships."

For someone whose belief in the rights of the individual is so unorthodox that he once spent two hours in a Montreal jail for refusing to identify himself to a policeman who stopped him in front of his own house, Trudeau's desire to assign lesser individual liberties with the vagaries of the War Measures Act in 1970 could not have been an easy one. Whether or not the "specific circumstances" of the October kidnapping crisis did in fact warrant such harsh measures is a question that is still being debated in Canada. The measures inflicted to some that the Prime Minister was hypocritical and anti-liberal, though the majority of Canadians appear to have agreed with Trudeau that the "October crisis" was a serious challenge that required a strong response.

Another theme that emerges from an examination of Trudeau's thought is his adherence to multiculturalism. My position in the Soviet Union or in Canada," he told reporters questioning him on his attitude to the persecution of Ukrainians by the Soviet government, "is that anyone who breaks the law in order to meet his nationalism doesn't get much sympathy from me." Trudeau's most virulent attack on nationalism was in 1964 in his essay, *Federative Nationalism And Realism*, in which he wrote: "Nationalism, as an emotional stimulus directed at an entire community, can reduce its lower elements to power. History is full of this, called variously chauvinism, racism, pogroms, and all manner of cruelties, when right answers and thoughts are reduced to nationalism's properties."

His writings suggest that he should not be the sovereign state but rather to the use of economic force to provide the citizens force that is required to hold a country together. Trudeau detests the "nationalist state." His passionate opposition to this concept dominated his writings throughout the 1950s and early 1960s. In 1962, he wrote: "The key portion of history marked by the conquest of the native-tribes is also the source of the same devastating war the world structure and the mass depraved collective hatred the world has ever seen... There will be no end to wars between nations until... the nation comes to be the basis of the state."

However, in Canada's new foreign policy philosophy, introduced in 1970 and greatly influenced by Trudeau, Canada was heretofore to think in terms of achieving well-defined national objectives and not to give preeminence to the security of the world as the primary goal of its foreign policy. There is a real difference in emphasis between what might be called "Thorsenian internationalism" and "Trudeauian internationalism." The former is typified by Prime Minister St. Laurent's attitude during the 1950 Suez crisis, when he told his Secretary of State for External Affairs to do what he thought best. Pearson proposed the establishment of a UN peace-keeping force in the most effective action of securing peace, an action that aroused the ire of British sympathizers in Canada and may have contributed to the electoral defeat of the Liberal Party in 1957. Trudeau, on the other hand, resembles Mackenzie King in the way in which he sets foreign policy as a means of promoting his most important national interests. National unity was King's major concern and many of his foreign policy decisions were based on how they would affect this overriding consideration.

The question that arises at this point is: Why does Trudeau consider Canada to be a desirable nation-state? If he were truly an anti-nationalist in all aspects, he would logically look beyond Canada and favor the creation of a larger federalist state in which Canada would be only one part. However, Trudeau has never advocated the kind of internationalism based on opposition to national sovereignty, that was the trademark of Lester Pearson. On the contrary, the continued existence of the Canadian nation-state is central to his whole political thought. In the first place, a strong and united Canada must be maintained because it is the only available territorial area in which Trudeau's dreams of a society based on cultural diversity and ethnic pluralism can be attained. If Canada became part of the United States in a new federal state, the American "melting pot" would almost certainly destroy the Canadian state to which Trudeau attaches the greatest importance. "If I don't think we can create some form of a bilingual country," he announced bluntly in 1968, "I am no longer interested in working in Ottawa."

There are three basic components of Trudeau's approach to decision-making, whether on the personal or governmental level. The first is his emphasis on realism as opposed to idealism. The first law of politics, he says, is to start from given facts, to forget "ideological rigidity" and "impossible dreams" and to accommodate the feasible. Just as in his personal life he says he does not try to put "overriding theories to all problems," so he told the Commonsense prime ministers in 1969 that they were not philosophers concerned exclusively with the ideal but politicians whose art was that of the possible.

Although a 19th-century liberal in his attitudes toward the rights of the individual, Trudeau believes it is the duty of governments to intervene vigorously in a wide variety of areas. Political parties, he emphasized in explaining his decision to enter political life in 1965, are not only but centers of attacking important national objectives. "The function of a state," he wrote, "is to ensure the establishment and maintenance of a legal order that will safeguard the development of its citizens," whether in the economic, social, or cultural sphere. He sees government intervention in the economy to be particularly necessary, given that free enterprise has proved to be a severe social problem. (continued on page 8)

THE  
OPERATIONAL  
CODE  
OF  
PIERRE  
ELIOTT  
TRUDEAU



Chaves continued / Nowhere did Trudeau describe the general philosophy of the government so clearly as in the Liberal Party Manifesto issued at the conference in 1968, where he said: "We are like the pilots of a supersonic airplane. By the time an airport comes into the pilot's field of vision, it is too late to begin the landing procedure. Such places must be navigated by radar. A political party, in formulating policy, can act as society's radar. . . . As members of a political party we should be thinking about the type of goals we wish to achieve in our society but of their relative importance, and of the best means of achieving them within a reasonable time."

If there was one concept that dominated the thinking of the Trudeau administration in its first year, it was the setting of priorities. When Trudeau assumed office he became conscious of the extent to which Canada's financial resources, especially scarce as a result of the country's economic problems, had been overextended by the actions of past governments. One of the most significant documents to cross his desk was a long-term projection of the costs of existing programs. It was clear that new programs could not be launched unless revenues were diverted from existing ones. The result was that, throughout the first three years of his administration, the cabinet frequently spoke about making "new money" available for programs of top priority by reducing expenditures on programs of less importance. This belief in the need to establish priorities if financial resources were to be used effectively was clearly a part of Trudeau's decision-making. "The future of the country might just escape us," he said in Regina. "If we don't control change and stay a little ahead of it, if we don't decide wisely about our orientation."

In an attempt to improve his government's ability to plan its future actions, Prime Minister Trudeau surrounded himself with intelligent young men trained in the latest techniques of decision-making. Ken Dorey, his program secretary, has been largely responsible for introducing flow charts and systems analysis into the process of policy formulation. Trudeau's chief adviser, Marc Lalonde explained that the administration was trying to "apply reason to broad social and economic problems" by bringing a technocratic approach to government. Whether such techniques have in fact improved the quality of policy is debatable, but they indicate that the government attaches great importance to careful planning.

In reply to critics who charged that he did not have enough political experience to be prime minister, Trudeau replied that it is a rapidly changing world: "experience isn't always very useful" and that he felt no qualms about his ability to make important decisions. One of the cabinet ministers has said that Trudeau is willing to listen at cabinet meetings and to give everyone a chance to speak — he is a good listener — but that final decisions are usually based on his own summary of the discussion, for "he's very much in charge." "There's nobody to tell me how the country should be run," Trudeau confessed in 1968. "I tell them."

The remarkable expansion in the size and duties of the Prime Minister's Office and the Privy Council Office has been cited in evidence by critics who accuse Trudeau of seeking "increasing and arbitrary power" at the expense of cabinet, parliament, and the civil service.

Prime Minister Trudeau has also altered the way in which cabinet ministers participate in the formulation of policy

According to a senior civil servant, the administration has created a "consensus" system of cabinet decision-making in which every minister must state in private the opportunity to voice his opinion even when the issue under discussion does not come under his ministry. The system means that ministers act "less on their own" than in the past. The extent to which a prime minister allows members of his cabinet to determine foreign policy is largely a matter of individual temperament and style. It is Trudeau's style to invite the participation of as many ministers as are interested. His temperament, however, does not allow him to be influenced on issues of major importance by any but a few key ministers — most importantly Jean Marchand, Gérard Pelletier and Donald McEwen.

Another result of Trudeau's skeptical attitude toward the civil service has been an alteration in the way policy recommendations are made to cabinet. In the past, departments tended to suggest to ministers the approach they favored, while under Trudeau they present only recommendations but a list of all the available policy options relating to the matter under consideration. As the department has a strong preference for one point of view, this can be made obvious in its presentation. It must still, however, inform the cabinet of the alternative courses available and provide an analysis of the pros and cons of each. Failure to do so lessens the department's credibility within cabinet. This approach is consistent with the Trudeau administration's desire to involve the civil service to a greater degree than in previous administrations, of responsibility for policy formulation. It is to have a greater role in this area it must be aware of all the policy alternatives. When these options are reviewed from the department, they are examined by the cabinet secretariat and then by cabinet committees in the light of information obtained from a variety of sources — other departments and their ministers, parliamentary commissions, public opinion, and, of course, the PMO and PCO.

Prime Trudeau's concept of participatory democracy seems to be based on a desire to interest and educate Canadians rather than to let their opinions determine the policy of the federal government. The whole line of his writing and speeches is directed more toward the long goal than toward the latter.

There appear to be two general occasions on which Trudeau will often defer to public opinion that runs contrary to government policies. The first arises when he is not very interested in the issue at hand, the second when a policy is not one of his "core" interests and its continued advocacy might endanger the reelection of his government. Eric Kierkes has revealed that cabinet discussion on economic matters frequently centered on the question, "How will this look in June 1972?" He has also frequently mentioned that for the next federal election. In the tradition of Mackenzie King, the Trudeau government has deferred the privatization on grounds that the Liberals had to retain power at all costs, since they could do more than the other parties to maintain national unity, Trudeau's dearest concern. ■

This column is an excerpt from *Trudeau And Foreign Policy: A Study In Decision-Making* by Bruce Tardif (Ottawa: University Press, \$2.95) being published this month. *Thunderbolt* 23, 8045 as MA from Carleton University.

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## THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC BY ANNI CHARNEY

Grey-Rocher, 47, is a sociologist at the University of Montreal, has recently published a essay which has greatly influenced the continuing self-examination that characterizes life in Quebec.

The essay is called *The Conditions For A Unique North American French Culture* (*Les Conditions d'Une Francophonie Nord-Américaine Originale*). In it, Rocher advances the proposition that the greatest threat to French Canada's survival emanates from the United States and not from English Canada. To meet this challenge, he predicts that English and French Canada must each go its own way, preferably in a "two nations" arrangement, and if this solution is rejected, as it seems to have been by English Canada and the present federal government, then the only option left may be separation and independence.

In the Quebec of today this kind of conference is not particularly novel or startling. What is significant in this case is that it is being made by a man whom no one has ever accused of being a separatist.

Grey-Rocher's establishment credentials are impeccable. He is a respected sociologist and professor, who was a member of the Parent commission on the re-structuring of Quebec education. Since 1969 he has been vice-president of the Grande Commission, and most recently he was elected to the Commission of the Order of Canada. Yet, like most Quebecers, these days who are in touch with the day-to-day reality of the controversy in which they live, Rocher finds himself forced to admit that "the notion of one Canada, bi-cultural and multicultural, is a bad solution."

Rocher believes that the question of French Canada has to be looked at in a context that goes beyond the usual limits. "To be a part of a Canada which is not the best and most of our collective existence. We belong just as much, perhaps even more, to a North American world. Our collective existence is bound up with American civilization." Thus the basic problem facing French Canada is that of developing a cultural identity distinct from that of its powerful southern neighbor. Since it is rapidly becoming "one of the states of the U.S. — a Louisiana of the North," as it is still possible, Rocher wonders, for French Canada to form, "next to the American state, and led by it, an original, singular and personalized North American nation?"

The remainder of the essay outlines the conditions for French Canada's self-determination. These stem from the recognition that "French Canada has been so deeply marked by American influence, which is so omnipresent, that only American can dream of a total and definitive breakaway." State isolation is impossible, Quebecers must aim for selective use and adoption. Thus, the first condition, presented in a very terse, is the Americanization of French-Canadian culture

insofar as that they may serve as critical points in the contemporary of culture. For a long time now, Rocher says, the common people and the intellectuals have lived in a delirious which the more became, deeply Americanized, while the intellectuals did not consider anything of the U.S. civilization. "If the French-Canadian venture is to succeed, there must be a reconciliation between intellectuals and the mass of the people on the subject of American civilization."

Butcher no one has been shown that the American way of life has indeed infiltrated all levels of French-Canadian life, Rocher may be taken to task for assuming that influence is limited to the so-called masses. The social intellectuals he encourages to familiarize themselves with American culture no longer seem to mind. The current crop of teachers and artists is more likely to look to America than France for inspiration.

Rocher realizes that the unacceptance of French-Canadian intellectuals in American culture is not enough. Another essential condition is that "French Canada enjoy the political possibility of self-determination on a cultural level." By this Rocher means that English Canada and French Canada must evolve distinct delirious relations. As an example of their different preoccupations in this context, Rocher points out that the problem of the American take-over of Canadian universities is not relevant to French Canada. On the other hand, Quebec's concern with the Anglicization of one Canadian in the Montreal region — a concern he qualifies as "one of the most serious, if not the most serious, regional or provincial of the French Canadian in North America" — is unacceptable to English Canadians. The two concerns must therefore cannot count on each other for help. In fact they may even hinder each other in this search for a solution.

The last way of dealing with this conflict of interests, he suggests, is through a formula that would "concentrate in a new constitution the idea of two peoples." Yet the task of sophomores for this idea in the past leaves little room for optimism. At the same time, he admits, the linguistic situation is gaining in popularity, particularly with the young — workers as well as students. "Quebec independence will be the sole remaining cause for those who reject the present status of French Canada." Rocher feels that this will be a heavy price to pay, but one which perhaps has to be accepted as the only one available for the survival of French-Canadian culture.

Finally, Rocher tells us that the conditions he proposes for French Canada's survival must be accompanied by economic independence. This eventually would involve both the creation of a certain amount of industrial activity as well as the reorganization of the means of production and administration.

Reaction to this essay in the Quebec press is not without a certain measure of irony. For example, the *Montreal Star* translated a lengthy segment which did not, however, include Rocher's comments on the compatibility of French-Canadian founding activity or the possibility of their separation. *Le Devoir*, on the other hand, covered the first part of the essay in which Rocher explores the profound Americanization of Quebec. In a way, these selections illustrate the very division of interests which Rocher feels have torn English and French Canada in separate cultural orbits. ■

Anni Charney is a Montreal free-lance writer.

QUEBEC  
BELONGS  
TO  
A  
NORTH  
AMERICAN  
WORLD



# "HAVE I EVER LIED TO YOU BEFORE?"

THE TABLE TALK OF JERRY GOODS

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Like most self-made men, Jerry Goods worships his craft. But it's a fun theology. Canada's most controversial advertising executive, Goods is an extraordinary combination of Whitacker, heart and racism, a man who knows himself with his craft, not in the good grey manner of an Anglican deacon or a service committee but in a wild, flagrant love affair that time cannot stifle.

Goods' new book, *Have I Ever Lied To You Before?* (McClintock and Stewart Ltd.), being published this month, makes a persuasive case that modern society's most misunderstood inhabitant may very well be the advertising man. He is portrayed either as a funniest of his own superficial brilliance, making wicked jokes and wild prophecies about the popularities of regular people, or as a nice boy in a bad trade, who can redeem himself only by leaving it. Yet both in a man's culture is formed as much by advertising—the hard sell, the soft sell, the big sell—as it is by any other influence. What can turn advertising from backslapper into a great evil is the fact that a few of its practitioners willingly lavish passion on its evaluation.

Jerry Goods is such a man and the absence of consummate passion has never been one of his problems. No intellectual but a man-maniac who knows how to move people by speaking their language, Goods describes himself as "a Willy Loman with a Lincoln." He is much more than that, though he does have a formidable flair for what the Jews call *chutzpah* and the wailing civil salesmanship (A partner of his once remarked: "If anyone told Jerry the time, he'd think he's getting the Bellini service").

At 42, Jerry Goods has nearly everything: a successful business (his company, Goods, Goldberg, Scott Ltd. is Canada's fourth-largest agency, with annual billings of \$12 million), an attractive wife, three beautiful children, a luxurious bungalow in Willowdale, a chocolate-colored Mark III Lincoln Continental with a six-spoke steering wheel, a brand-new 62-foot head-powered yacht. He pays himself \$50,000 a year, drinks Bellini's Scotch and wears Hush Puppies. He usually has lunch at Toronto's Ian-on-the-Park (because the waiters know his name) and spends most of his leisure hours either driving his boat or listening to big-band jazz. Jerry Goods has nearly everything, but he admits: "I have a little case running around inside me who is insatiable."

During a long afternoon recently sitting in his ultra-modern office, Goods talked to me about his passions, his interests, and about that little man running around inside him. This is a sampling from his conversation.

**HOW TO SOLVE POLLUTION? SIMPLE. WE SHOULD JUST GO DOWN INTO TOLLERS. EVERY CITIZEN IN THE COUNTRY SHOULD OWN A TOLLER. HUMAN EXPERIMENT IN A BOX. GIVE A COPY TO THE PRESIDENT OF EVERY OFFENDING INDUSTRY WITH A NOTE SAYING, 'SINCE YOU'RE SHIRKING US YOURS WE'VE TAKEN YOURS TO MAKE SURE INDUSTRIAL POLLUTION WOULD DISAPPEAR IN FIVE MINUTES FLAT.'**

**The advertising business is populated by a lot of do-gooders—a lot of people who shouldn't be in it. It's a business in which you have to deal with people on the other side of the desk who have counted zero budgets from which you make your living, who shouldn't be where they are because they don't know very much about what they're doing. They have read the right textbooks. They have read the right research. They have gone to the right schools. None of them. They have the press and the dogs all down, put her where it counts down to the master of opportunity on whom they're dependent to pass judgment. But they do pass judgment because it's their money. That means that it's a business full of compromisers all the way down the line. The guy who has the ability to say "yes" in a company is usually the president or somebody very high up, and we have done a deal with people who have not been given the authority to say "yes," and it makes**

**our life rather difficult. That's why sometimes I crash out and grab a cold bottle of Fourteen Club Ale and down it. It's either that or punching your chest right in the stomach for doing something dumb. There are some days when I really wish that I owned a chain of beauty salons (instead of being in advertising). But those days are diminishing. Now it's only maybe 20 out of 31 days a month.**

**Robert Stanfield? He's a very bright and very stupid man. But he just might be our next prime minister. On the other hand, I don't like his political ideas. Pierre Trudeau is a highly sensitive political commodity. I would feel quite comfortable in offering his platform to the electorate once again, though I don't agree with everything he does. I know some people who are deeply religious and don't share with every thing God has done either. But they still believe in God. Much of what the NDP stands for is very attractive to me. Their position, for example, on the future of our country, their apparent concern on whether or not Canada will survive. To balance that, I've always somehow been suspicious of social democrats. I don't seem to be too many of them. They're too careful for me. They talk too much and do too little. Given all the reforms, I'm going to vote for Trudeau next time around.**

**THERE SHOULD BE A MURDERING LIKE TRIAL FOR MICHAEL RYAN, LYNDON JOHNSON, DENZIL WILSON, NEWSPAPERS AND OTHERS ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LINE, BECAUSE THEY MURDERED MILLIONS OF CIVILIANS AND AMERICAN AND VIETNAMESE SOLDIERS. THE MURDER WAS A CRIMINAL ACT WITH NO MORAL OR LEGAL JUSTIFICATION WHATSOEVER.**

**We still look at our young rebels and see the wrong things while hearing nothing. We see how our hearts and they react. I think they're trying to tell us something we're known all along but keep trying to forget. That the old school way of giving consistency action is not just enough. Of course youth has always objected that older people will not move fast enough. But now the young, educated and aware, are saying that they will not society's pace. We have always preached about justice and unselfishness, but they try to act justly and unselfishly.**

**Television is declining as an effective advertising medium because the owners of television stations have grown superstitiously. They're pinched every split second they can with paying messages. It's still a potentially potent medium and if you use it judiciously it can move an awful lot of beer and shoes and mufflers, but it's getting tougher and tougher. I've a special place in my heart for the print medium. There is something great about being able to continue on page 17.**







## Does the fact that we're guaranteed twice as long mean that we're twice as good?

We can't prove it, but one thing's sure: we're twice as confident.

Our warranty lasts for two years or 24,000 miles. Whichever comes first.\*

Anybody else's warranty (with the notable exception

of Rolls-Royce) is good for only 12 months or 12,000 miles\*\* leaves our hands that shouldn't leave our hands.

How can we do it? We're the only ones who have. And we're the only car makers with VW-Diagnost, stuck with one car model for 34 years. Time enough for an advanced electronic system that protects our cars even after they leave our hands.

We pay a legion of inspectors to make sure nothing

So while a Volkswagen may not be the lowest-priced

economy car you can buy, once you check into what you get for what you pay, you'll find very few car companies who, in reality, end up with their prices lower.



And none who start out with their standards higher.

\*All of the terms of the warranty are clearly defined in the owner's manual and will also be explained by any authorized Volkswagen dealer in Canada. \*\*Based on lowest price.





## QUÉBEXPLORATION: A new, free way of looking at your vacation.

If your vacation seems like the same old thing year after year, cut it out! Clip and send us the coupon for your free Québecexploration kit. It could be the start of something beautiful. Like a unique vacation in a whole new environment. Québec!

We're on the same continent as you, but we do have a little something different. Our French language and culture.

Our old world friendliness?  
Or a spirit lifting over the water?  
Whatever it is, it's different!

This summer, explore a world of vacation ideas in Québec. The Québecexploration kit tells you how. With maps, guides, even basic French phrases! It's a whole new way of looking at your vacation. Feel free.



GOVERNEMENT DU QUÉBEC  
TOURIST BRANCH (open to 1981)  
Parlement Building, Québec City, Québec

Don't send me your free QUÉBEXPLORATION KIT with materials (brochure) with an Québec tourism and recreation (in English, if available)

Name   
Address   
City   
Province

You can be  
as easy to reach as a

## kitchen phone

An extension phone can be your handiest kitchen appliance. When someone calls, it saves both time and steps. Many colours and models to choose from, including our beautiful Contempra phone. Call us today.



Bell Canada

# YOUR VIEW

Your mention of Cherry Clark's statement in the U.S. House of Representatives in 1911 that he hoped to see the day when the Stars and Stripes would float over America right to the North Pole — *All Canada Must For Christmas* (in Irish) (December) was very interesting. I remember the incident quite well as I was then 25. There was a sequel to it when, shortly after the end of the First World War, Clark again made a loud statement to the effect that England should easily settle her war debt by handing Canada over to the U.S.

RAY DENNY / KNOXVILLE, TENN.

## Thorns amid the laurels

You have given us a piece of a portrait of our Prime Minister — *Trudeau's Portrait* (February). How will you have summed up his character, also his characteristics? Time will tell how this has affected those from whom he will be expecting the best — for him.

NEIL NISSEL, SAGINAW, CANADA, ONT.

4. Despite the blue-eyed-babe Trudeau caricature, I thought my first mistake in many years, this past February. Oh, dear oh dear, I hope it is not now typical—all about banks and bastards, Trudeau and Smallwood and Maclean, and other now boring dishes. I found it almost as boring as Christmas Day in the workhouse.

Another point. Setting Up Sister is described as "12 typical episodes" to Trudeau. The 12 contributors are our lovers, those professors our senior — said I go on? Typen, you say, but not of Canada. Typical of the Liberal elite or those surrounding it.

Despite some distant criticism, notably Peter Newman's on-the-naggs editorial — I sensed the February collection to be a fairly rather Liberal episode, a professional exercise. Fine, not concerned with the state of Trudeau so much as the state of the country. And that, in many areas, is shocking. We do have battles, herepays signs, bucklers, banners, shop girls, dead-beat poets, mavericks. Brilliant!

Lyncey Polish, or what-have-you, immigrants, Canadian aid. It would be nice to hear from them. What say you? Or is Maclean's now by the bourgeois for the bourgeois?

BOB B. BRITTON, ALBANY, ONT.

5. Special congratulations on the Feb. issue. The portraits of the Prime Minister and the opposition leader make me feel I know them intimately. The presentation of how the banks on the other side has given me cause to make finally a long planned visit to my bank manager.

ERICK DUBOIS, OTTAWA

6. In the February issue the people of Canada were subjected to glibness and irresponsible journalism. The three-column article on Trudeau was a joke, about a sad one from beginning to end. Dragging up such fearful Trudeau films as *Merle Shaw* and *All Kinds*, we were told that not only has Trudeau done a good job in prime minister, but that he is in fact Canada's last great hope to head off the American. Graciel Hugh MacLean's article strayed so far off the topic that he would have flunked any political science course at the University of Toronto had it been handed in as an essay. The whole article was designed to direct the wrath of the Canadian public away from Trudeau's economic ineptness and on down classless line apiece, pointing out that he is increasingly reform, witty and charming. Do you really think people are that glibbie twice in a row?

JAMES D. MACLENN, WILTON, ONT.

Setting Up Sister was not intended to be a critical account of Canadian opinion. It was supposed to be a poll of prominent citizens who actively supported Trudeau in 1968. — *The Editors*

## Love stories

Orchids on the new format and in particular on the survey of Canadian film making in the January issue, but stick with for something as in the error. (page 29). We offer cinema in both film making and film certificates here. Larry Kent (*Flower Blue* 1972) and Roger Rossie (*Ames Shy* 1970) cover cinematography, and the aesthetics are taught by Murray Bodin (*The Green* 1971), André Thelotte (*Ular Quinon* 1971), Canadian entry to Cannes) and Richard Spiv.

GLAY PETERLING, CHAMBERLAIN, MINNESOTA / CINEMA DEPARTMENT, BAYVIEW COLLEGE, WESTMONT, CAN.

7. Your article on Canada's growing feature film industry (January) will do much to make Canadians aware that their support is vital to its survival and growth. Surely we are as concerned with fostering new cultural traditions as we are with preserving older ones.

The feature film industry should be of particular pride to Canadians as (unlike most of our industries) it is so greatly a homegrown and nurtured product. Since approximately 75% of all footage shot in Canada goes into commercial, educational, documentary and industrial films, we have been able to keep the Jettas, Kongs, Almonds and Chaplains on the side of the border while they are developing their skills and dreaming of *Miss O'Clock* deliveries. My only disappointment with *Midwest* film article is that it omitted Queen Laboratories under which to mention. My clients suppliers, factory and banks have been under the impression that we promote more 16-mm and 35-mm color film than any other independent laboratory in Canada.

P. J. QUINN, TORONTO

## Within you, without you

I congratulate Professor McCourt on his exceptionally fine article *Ed McCourt's Canada* (February). He has condensed the footage shared by many Canadians.

A steadily growing trend in recent years has been to shoulder many of our troubles onto our neighbors to the south. Hence name-calling has crept in, in particular, "Down with American imperialism."

It is all too easy to condemn others, for what may be our own shortcomings. Let us not become anti-Americans but pro-Canada. We must also note our limited foreign attitudes, advice what we can of our exhibited signs and intelligently guide the vast portion of our country yet untouched. To echo a statement by Professor McCourt: All Canadians must "put their shoulder to the wheel and push." Not only in matters of national unity, but we do this too in the union of engagement of our natural resources and the cleaning and restoration of our quickly deteriorating environment. It is not too late. Actions speak louder than name-calling. Let's get it on!

JOHN C. BAKER, LAKELAND UNIVERSITY, THUNDER BAY, ONT.

8. Your poem entitled on "Living Canadian" has found a full citizen in Ed McCourt's / continued on page 24

**"Your summer deserves all the fun you can afford!"**  
May

Summer is a doing thing... an active celebration of the sun. And just as you want to get an early Spring start on that glorious summer tan, perhaps the Royal Bank might help you get an early start on those other aspects of summer—the ones that a little money can make a whole lot better.

Perhaps we can show you a better way to save for that sunny day. Or an easier way to borrow for that boat, or that car—or that improvement for the cottage.

Just visit any Homeowner branch of the Royal Bank. Managing money is our business, and we probably have a better way to help you get what you want, when you want it most. When you decide you want something better, we can help make it happen.

**ROYAL BANK**  
the helpful bank



All visiting  
National League  
baseball teams  
stay at  
The Queen Elizabeth  
when in Montréal.

Because we're central and have more to offer. Here, they have the choice of 20 restaurants and lounges, including a great supper club, a seafood spot, and an Executive steakhouse ... plus the whole vast inner city of Place Ville Marie with its hundreds of businesses, stores and theatres. In The Queen Elizabeth itself, there's privacy, comfortable rooms, friendly service, substantial snacks from all-night room service and freshly-squeezed orange juice in the morning. Knowing how to make men comfortable is just one of the things that makes The Queen Elizabeth a great hotel. And when you realize that every time there's a game at the ballpark, there's a team staying at The Queen Elizabeth,

## it's hard to tell where The Queen Elizabeth ends and Montréal begins.



Thank you, Japan

**E** A CN hotel operated by Hilton Canada. Free parking for overnight guests.  
For a map for business from the airport, Office Hotel, special deals in Canada—  
Hilton Reservations (in CN hotels), 1-800-468-8888. For reservations, call your  
travel agent, any Hilton or CN hotel or Hilton Reservations Service.



## An airline should be big enough to service its own 747's

...and small enough to worry about your luggage.

Most airlines come in two sizes: big and impersonal. Or small and provincial.

But TAP, the Intercontinental Airline of Portugal, doesn't fit into any of the stereotypes. So we give you the best of both worlds.

TAP has all the things that people expect from a big airline when they travel. Like the latest 747-300 superjets, with over 15.5 billion passenger miles of experience behind them.

And just like the big airlines TAP services its own 747-300 Navigator jets. We built a super modern base for them in Lisbon and our mechanics learned right from Boeing how to keep every inch in perfect condition.

This rest of TAP's personnel are trained to have the same eye for detail, no matter what their job is.

Because TAP is small enough to look after you as if you were a guest in a Portuguese home.

We'll serve you from our selection of embroidered linens as you relax in spacious overcast seats.

And while we're looking after you upstairs, our continuous baggage system downstairs keeps your luggage safe and secure. That means your suitcase gets almost as much pampering as you do.

TAP flies to 34 cities in eleven countries on four continents. So next time you travel to Europe, Africa, South America or North America, fly on the airline that's just your size. TAP, the Intercontinental Airline of Portugal.



© 1984 TAP

**TAP**  
THE INTERCONTINENTAL  
AIRLINE OF PORTUGAL

We're as big as an airline should be.

Four Five continued / Canada (February): To me, all this charitable involvement is an awful lot like good old red herring stew.

There is only one root issue, it is the national continental impoll, in which the poorer states who run the U.S. and Canada are poorly equipped. And there are no signs whether that average Joe Consumer is getting wise to the rip-off artists. On this side of the border any more than on the other side. Nor do we see evidence that any of Canada's political establishments, of whatever shade, will seek how the white on the institutionalized literacy which is peddled as free enterprise.

Thus the issue, gentlemen not the rationality of the rip-off artists but their so far undisputed right to go on doing it.

MARKED H. KUPF, DEANMAN BEARD INC.

## Correction

Editor's Note: In the table that accompanied the second part of *The Bookies* (March), Maclean's contributed two incorrect entries. Bud McKenna, Chairman of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, was left off the list (even though his 10 directorships involving \$15.2 billion have earned him a prominent place in it) and J. P. & Macdonald's main corporate interest was wrongly identified as Confederation Life, of which he is a director. His main corporate interest is the Bank of Commerce, of which he is president.

## But she likes beer, too

I take considerable umbrage that your magazine, through the criticisms of Heather Robertson labels me a vulgar, beer-drinking, dress-down-in-underwear slob. All this and more, because in my opinion I number among that despised proletariat, those middle-income, who not only enjoy TV but actually like those programs she seeks to destroy.

Her February review — *Good Guy: Bud Gray And Gross Shave* — after the initial paragraph of mostly harmless to a foolish and immature harangue, plenty in the proverbial three-dollar bill fall in fact, of sound and fiery uprightness left. Part for the come on which the media seems to be presently set when it comes to writing about women, movies, TV, etc.

What does she actually know I wonder of fashion and the police state? Has she at any time lived under a fascist dictatorship? Or in Nazi Germany perhaps, so that she can

authentically. Then those demagogically-induced TV characters — how sad! Cameron and their ilk — must of them, fascists, to the infamous Gestapo?

She appears to greatly like inverted type of morality, so commonplace with those who are personally in popular entertainment and television in particular, whether they watch it or not. Such wholly heinous outcasts Andre Barker — and at least Andre R. is funny. Perhaps Heather Robertson would prefer a series of views glorifying anarchy?

LEAH L. BIRCH, POPE OTTAWA

Heather Robertson's devastating criticism of our TV programs is a joy to read. How did my old hometown of Winnipeg produce anyone so smart?

Great power, unfortunately, produces great corruption and at the moment the U.S. seems rapidly going down the drain — and worse — dragging the rest of the world along with it. Penetrating voices are still being raised but to the vast desert of the brainwashed majority they are given little heed. Love this gal Heather!

REX L. BIRCH, MIAMI FLORIDA

## No more Newfie jokes

In his article, *To Japize Roberts Jewell* (April), Bill Cameron has quoted me as making a strongly worded and somewhat risky statement. Since that is a friend of mine, I do not think that any politician ought to do to me is involved, I hope that it is merely a misunderstanding. Bill has made my job out as much more important than it is. It was just the Atlantic Region Planning group in the Department of Regional Economic Expansion, with special responsibilities for Newfoundland (i.e., I am a senior planner making up the working level to the planners in Newfoundland).

In the interview, I pointed out the direction in which DREE saw possible futures for sustained economic growth in Newfoundland — as a much expanded effort in the offshore fisheries, greatly increased food processing capacity to a more highly finished form (not one or two plants), adjustment of the offshore and mid-shore fishery, expansion of secondary manufacturing of goods previously imported to the island and extension of labor intensive, high-growth (tourism) industries such as electronic component firms. When Bill asked about the Come By Chance oil refinery and the Inshore plant at Stephenville, I said that we were not involved in those projects. Once that they were going ahead, we

would want to ensure as far as possible that Newfoundland got the greatest benefit possible from them. I tried to stress the joint nature of the planning activity. I explained to Bill that DREE-assisted projects, such as a planning process in which we and the province must agree that a given project will fit into an overall development scheme to which we both subscribe. It appears that he then drew the conclusion that, since it seems that Mr. Newfoundland's economic development priorities differed somewhat from ours, there was no agreement and no possibility of assistance. The case, rather, is that we concentrate on the areas of agreement.

BRIAN W. ROSE, OTTAWA

## We'll show 'em!

John Gray's attack on the Progressive Conservative Party's parliamentary wing — *The Five from Ottawa* (February) — cannot go unanswered. Even if it is true that the Progressive Conservative opposition has not provided the press with the blood-soaked copy it evidently wishes, does it thereby follow that poor opposition make poor newsmen? In fact, the contrary is true.

In any case, it is folly or malice or both to judge a Canadian political party by its parliamentary wing, something well known to political scientists, if not to the Ottawa Press Gallery. If Robert Stanfield forms the next government, he will have a great well-organized pool of Members of Parliament from which to draw cabinet colleagues. Were John Gray to study the roster of Progressive Conservative parliamentary candidates in the forthcoming election, he would have some much better ideas on the composition of the Stanfield government.

WILLIAM MITCHELL, NEW WESTMINSTER BRIT. CO.

## Our hopes and prayers

In his article last Sunday our reader asked from a Times magazine article in support of a point he wished to make. After church I jokingly suggested that he give equal weight to our own Canadian magazine, *Maclean's*, especially the very excellent February issue. He promised to do this after visiting his wife.

It does seem, I submit, to the excellence of a publication when one finds its contents so interesting that it is difficult to put it down until it is read completely through, as was my experience with this issue.

ARNDT WALLIS, TORONTO

# When we sew on buttons, we think of people like Jay and John.



## CHAPARRAL. The outdoors shirt.

Like the short-sleeved model in crepe with a subtle contrast of piping on pocket and collar. Or like the grandiose, long-sleeved, then pressed to retain the brilliance of the white and vibrance of the color.

Fashion collars are four inch plus. Sleeves are short for cool, or long for class.

with 2-button cuffs. The variety of patterns and styles to practically unlimited. Cool blends, double-knit of Fortrel® polymer, and casual Perma-Flex fabric for easy care.



**Arrow**  
The store how you look



## The unique little break from it all.

Get away for a moment.  
With a good tasting cigarette.  
That has great flavour  
and menthol freshness. Cameo.



## KEEPING TORONTO HATEFUL

Toronto, the city that Canada despises, spreads its arrogance over 240 square miles. It is the financial, fashion, art, industrial, communications and Muzak capital of the nation; not to mention the fastest-growing city in the world. If Canada could have a Big Apple then Toronto would be it (just ask Montreal). It dispassionately dispenses pay cheques, trends, culture, praise, punishment, entertainment, success, cynicism, predestiny and other assorted imperishable goods to a nation that has to be grateful whether it likes it or not. More New York Times are sold on Sunday in Toronto than in any other city in Canada. Yet the Toronto Telegram, the country's fourth largest newspaper, was forced to fold. Toronto hates losers. Yet the Leafs and the Argos are classic losers. Toronto contains more Americans within its limits than any other city in the country and is the most American city outside of the United States. Many of the decisions to sell domestic industry and natural resources to outside interests are made in boardrooms high above Lake Ontario. Yet Toronto is the birthplace of the New Canadian Nationalism. Toronto identifies with the Big Apple more than any other centre in North America (including Chicago). Yet Toronto is still a bastion of English colonialism. Toronto is the most materialistic city in the country (its per capita Cadillac ownership is among the highest in the world), yet when Henry



Moore's Archer was unveiled 10,000 people turned out to cheer. Toronto is adding the equivalent of 11 football fields in new factory space every year. Yet the city's welfare department is running out of funds. Torontonians foster the theory that Canadians have an inferiority complex. Yet people in Toronto are constantly terrified about losing their jobs. Toronto elected Mayoe William Dennison twice in a row. Yet Toronto loves to say he is an embarrassment. The question inevitably arises: how and why does any sensitive Canadian continue to live in such a rotten place? Maclean's tries to answer this question on the next eight pages. So put reason before emotion, as somebody said, and read on. Above all, as somebody else said, *know thy enemy* . . .

# END OF THE ROAD

BY BILL HOWELL

Toronto (remember the Argos?) is the city of the highest-paid losers in Canada

**T**his morning over breakfast at Berkeley, my wife recommended me about getting a new ball sock for the under from Hanes, our landlord, and we talked awhile about her still having to get used to her tenth again, since she went to the dentist yesterday afternoon. Then I told her about my dream last night and my plan to write a piece today about Toronto. She thought it was a great idea, and about 10:15 (Back home in New Scotia the days clock out of themselves, here I have to get each day together as it comes.) That was 47 minutes ago. Nothing beats a great big breakfast.

"Good luck," she said, hopping onto her beautiful old green Maytag, which really belongs to our friend Carl from Vancouver. "And don't forget to put in the part about the Young Street Cynics and the Children of Light."

"I won't forget," I said, giving her a great big kiss-off, "and you have a good day at the office, huh?" And off she went, behind one of those old-fashioned red rubber sneakers. With the collaboration, she should be housed completely awake by the time she gets to work.

She's currently the Executive Liaison Officer for Procter & Gamble, a Toronto-headquartered job of three ever was one. In fact she's the only person in the world who does it. Every day, from nine to five, she works in a world in which she has to deal with to get out, phoning people all over the city for the particulars about courses for her

Confusing Education Directory "What you do for a living?" she said once long ago, "is nowhere near as important as who you're going to be."

In the beginning, "Toronto" was a Huron Indian word meaning "meeting place."

In 1749, the year British was founded, a stockaded trading post called Fort Rouillé was established by the Canadian French three miles east of the mouth of the Toronto (Humber) River and guarded by an officer and 15 soldiers. It flourished for nine years.

In 1760, British Major Robert Rogers visited the site on his way to take possession of the western front vacated by the French after the Seven Years' War. It was located to the ground. He wrote, "There was a tract of about 300 acres of cleared land round the place where formerly the French had a fort called Fort Toronto. The soil is generally dry. The deer are extremely plentiful. I think Toronto a most convenient place for a factory."

The Olden Standing Building in Toronto, according to the guidebooks, is Scudling House, the home of merchant John Scudling, built in 1794. In August 1805, the Mississauga sold the site of the present city to the British Crown through Governor John Simcoe (who had arrived with a ten which once belonged to Captain Cook, the famous circumnavigator, and a few other people and things

in 1799) for \$1,190, or \$5,500 in cash and goods. (This is known as a Toronto Pascha.) Toronto used to be called York, obviously some time before New York. (But don't be so!) The Americans first named the city when it was still York, in April and July, 1813, and Torontonians have never forgiven them for their bad manners. From the outset, however, Toronto was a Planned City, having laid its City Plans in its first 66 years. The Court of Arms for the city bears the motto "Industry, Integrity, Integrity." It was written by the first mayor, William Lyon Mackenzie, who was something of a radical. His house still stands. So much for history.

**T**oday Toronto is the home of both the Toronto Human Hair Supply Company (over 35,000) and the Toronto Back Backache Take Your Pick. A city of sensations, it's the National Headquarters of petty wall worry in and Out group in the country. It's a cosmopolitan disguised as a small town, and vice versa. In three years here I've learned that there are just as many reasons for leaving the city as living it, and that people leave here for the same reasons they arrive. When time has been speeded up to find that it almost seems there's a new generation every three months, three years is a long time.

Toronto is the home of the largest Minsk franchise in the world. Eighty-five million people have Minsk every day. But you're not supposed to be able to burn along with it, or even identify the race. Because generally it's meant to mask capitalist Toronto scores like high-heeled shoes trying hard to flee. It's called-better make, made in New York. It comes in three program flavors — office, heavy industrial and public area.

In tempo is scientifically named by the U.S. Army at Aberdeen, Maryland, to compensate for every high and low psychological production period during the working day. Recently, at the stockyards in St. Louis, they were having what can only be described as "a dark nothing problem." It seems that the warmth could smell the fear of the slaughter house, so their guns were spraying. When Minsk was established, however, the Dark Cloud Problem was reversed again by some 15%.

So much for the facts.

Toronto is the end-point computer capital of Canada (Welcome to the Corporation. 1. Here is a list of your accounts. 2. We find a man to make room for you. 3. We think that much of him. 4. Personally, he may come back to hand as but we hope he's tired. 5. You're over-qualified, but young people come cheap. 6. Don't spend too much time with wrong numbers. 7. We like to keep our value systems symmetric. 8. There is no better way for getting things done. 9. We agree our own best interests. 10. Most people make down less than when they are. 11. They're vulnerable, our best customers. 12. We solve the uncertainty of living for them. 13. Our competition has gone too far. 14. Some of my best friends here are Systems Analysts, who at least refuse to allow themselves to be "promoted" out of the country.

Toronto is the most American of all Canadian cities. The grace bench worn by the Green Berets to kill other people are made here, and there are probably more American expatriates here than any other place on earth. Nobody knows exactly how many draft resisters and deserters live here, but in the first three months of 1971 Americans registered British and Italian citizenship as Canada's largest single immigrant group. And they love it here. Toronto knows more about what's happening in the United States than any other city in the world.

**I**f you take the Dugans, the ferry to Ward's Island, from the bottom of downtown Toronto at night and state back through the strong and whatever weather is hanging around, back at all the lights and towers and power lines, you can't help wondering how many more as fewer electrical connections have to be made before a city becomes aware of itself. You know, in a certain fashion kind of way. Only maybe it isn't fiction. The lake gives you no answer, it's dead. But unlike the ocean, you can't see dead men's faces in it. It looks like the sea of ancient warms' blood. My friend Sam lives on Ward's Island. I often go to see him there, usually on the nights when Beverly's making pottery.

Sam and I've learned a lot from each other. While I was playing football at Queen Elizabeth High in Halifax, he was worrying about maybe / continued on page 10

ON THE SUPER-CLEAN STREETS OF THE FASTEST-GROWING CITY IN THE CONTINENT CITIZENS STROLL ALONE...



AFTER DARK! HERE, MUGGERS, PERVERTS, OTHERS, FEAR TO TREAD. DEEP IN THE RELAXED INNOCENCE, HIS SILENT VIGIL.



HIGH ATOP HIS CONDOMINIUM HIGH-RISE OUR AMAZING AWARD-WINNING CRIME FIGHTER KEEPS HIS SILENT VIGIL.



IF A JOB'S WORTH DOING, IT'S WORTH DOING RIGHT!





# THE BUSH LEAGUE COMPLEX

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

Toronto society, like the author, is WASPish, provincial and not easily aroused

**W**hen other writers press me to explain why I am the most contemptible class divider in Toronto, I am driven to conclude that it is partly because I am not quite a gentrifier. My father's family came from Ormstown, my mother's from Gleggsville, and I was brought up in suburban Manchester on the brink of a river named Buggan Hole Cough. Fugitives from such parochial and proletarian quarters of Lancashire and Yorkshire may suffer from an inferiority complex and try to compensate themselves by seeking association with persons of rank, riches and renown.

Early in life I showed symptoms of this affliction. At the age of 10 my ego was inflated by an invitation to a children's fancy-dress ball in the residence of the first Viscount Lansdowne, the inventor of a famous beet polish and founder of Lever Brothers Ltd. Long before I came to Canada, a quarter of a century ago, I counted on feathers in my cap the facts that I was to school with Sir Geoffrey Jackson, received medals in the street from Sir William Cooker, worked alongside Sir John Foster Fraser, solidified with Sir Gyles Isham, received a wedding gift from the Baroness Sumnerhill, stood at the altar to hostess to Lord Andrew of Barnes, accepted a battery no-nonsense from the Earl of Cranford and Balcanes, and visited friends of the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, and sat in Westminster Abbey for the Coronation of

George VI and the marriage of Elizabeth II.

I defied my unimpeachably proud but over-credulous by ignoring that my interest in high society is as dual as it is emotional. At a society columnist on the now defunct Toronto Telegram I demonstrated through my readership ratings that in the home too the most intriguing activities take place on the higher perches. Blue blood and big bank balances arouse more curiosity than lowly lurch and welfare cheque. The most elite parties receive more homage than the most vulgar plebeians. And an aristocrat will always cow a democrat.

Even though I am on first-name terms with about half the women and men in Toronto Society I still feel nervous when I find at dawn before a Guelphborough, on a French Riviera car, before an Adam's Freighter, with my feet on an Airbusmax and my fingers around a Monaco glass by Giuseppe Brag. It is not that I have had about four drinks that I begin to relax into forms of behavior and speech that betray one who is not quite a gentleman.

**T**oronto society may be polite but it is not pure. This is why so few other writers understand it. They are intimidated and confused when they discover that Toronto society does not engage at the sound of four-letter words. Even such rich writers as Arthur Hailey, Pierre Berton and Gordon Stables, who can be fairly tough against the rag tag and bobtail of their own profession, be-

come, in the company of the upper crust, carefully prudent and punctilious.

I have seen other writers, poets and politicians gazing at wrought wonder and wonderment around the estates of Forest Hill Village, Rosedale, York Mills and Bayview Toronto society men don't care much for artistic celebration, but society women arrive then home to provincial inhibits at food-travelling parties or to give their friends as nouveau frisson. None of these celebrities is ever so deplorable as Russell Bess, the photographer from Medicine Hat, Alberta, who receives more society passages than any other Canadian migrant. Bess, who contrives to be seen at apartment in Kew and the homes of his rich beneficiaries in Toronto, unobtrusively admits that he cultivates the fashionable wealthy circles because they are "most amusing" than elsewhere people and "more receptive to hints, art and intellect."

**R**obertson Davies, the author, an owner of the Kingston Whip-Strangled and the Master of Marney College, University of Toronto is dismayed by Toronto society to be the artist of the highest caste because he is the son of the late Senator Robert Davies, a man who was rich enough to own a castle in Wales. Bureaucratic society, as such, rapidly may change into a New Canadian bourgeoisie. Europe is the society of Toronto's once exclusive and exclusive British elite. But some immigrants of golden hair and means are accepted for their charm alone. Typical of these are the Yugoslav lady and Francis Stevens, who contrive to live with superb taste in a small Forest Hill duplex on an industrial district's salary. A rich woman once criticized the Stevenses as being "people who have no poor friends." I said "What is the point in cultivating poor friends if one has plenty of rich ones?"

Reacted of all the ethnic enclaves are Semp and Thomas Bann, owners of the globe-trotting company that manufactures and imports expensive shoes. Since New Canada came into existence Others are present. About a score of noblemen from Austria-Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Germany prosper, respectable credentials and are accepted by Toronto society. To name a few the Hungarian Count Zolby the Czechoslovak Barre Parsh, Baron Nudary and Count Dobrowsky the German Baron von

Herrmann von Muller, von Wachenau, von Dargardt, von Spies, after whose family a celebrated and ill-fated World War II German battleship was named, and von Ruckelshaus, a seaborne trader and a cousin of the dour World War I air ace.

A gentrifier would hesitate to draw comparisons between the relative success of these sensitive people, but I say bluntly that the most important birthright is that of an Ontario provincial government and several named Tikhon Kulkovsky. His mother was the late Grand Duchess Olga, a sister of the last Czar of Russia. His father was an assisted White Russian colonel. The most regal of all Viscountesses, of course, is Mrs. Brookline Cheek, wife of an emigrant stockbroker. Mrs. Cheek is Princess Marie Louise of Belgium. Her father was Baron, the last king to occupy the Bulgarian throne. Her brother is Simeon II, the exiled King of Bulgaria who lives in Madrid. Princess Marie's maternal grandfather was Victor Emmanuel, the piousness King of Italy.

Oddly enough, however, the continental Europeans who are sent to Toronto by their companies rank higher in society than the immigrants. The losses of Mirco-Bene Volkowegers, First, Second and Volter, for example, embody the situation of power. They control money and economic influence. Few Toronto residents improve. Toronto society more than a large salary and a long payroll. Outstanding in this foreign nobel corner is Lord Francis Amos, the six-foot-seven Milanese who helped the biggest typewriter company in Italy to take over the biggest in the United States and then became president of Olivetti Canada Ltd.

**T**he richer and better educated ethnic prosper mingle frequently with the 30-odd representatives of the Colonial Corps. These emigrants, particularly at the annual Consular Ball, when Lieutenant-Governor William Ross Macdonald is guest of honor and decisions are worn upon to the assembly a cosmopolitan glitter and diplomatic order. The British Trade Commissioner, who ranks as a casual guest is decreed to be the most important diplomat. The present incumbent, R. McCreary Sampson, a World War II air hero, was preceded by Geoffrey Jackson, my old schoolmate. / continued on page 74



# WELCOME TO THE MIDDLE-CLASS CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

BY BARRIE HALE

Bring to Toronto your upwardly mobile masses yearning to breathe free

**T**oronto, as the city fathers will tell you quick as you can say Montreal, is growing three times as fast as the city of Expo. Has more building going on in proportion to its population than any other city in the world, and outstrips even New York in the sheer volume of new construction. Toronto, as everyone else in the country will tell you quite as you can say class act, is the city whose skyline lies north to breathe free in little waddy outposts every choice they get—a booming city, sure, a city where economic decisions that affect the lives of all of us are made but who wants to live there? Grab the money and run.

Rising to defend itself in that brokenish way we have all come to expect, Toronto repiles with statistics. All kinds of people want to live there, it seems—in a five-year period during the Sixties all the people who emigrated to Canada about 260,000 stayed during the same period nearly 175,000 people emigrated to Toronto (and stayed) from inside the country and out. This might be called the Govee (After The Road) syndrome, and the reason for its resilience lies in fact Toronto neighborhoods on every hand. If you are one of the lucky 35% or so of those English-speaking Torontonians who live in such neighborhoods you are five times as likely to have your own swimming pool as your fellower, you drink 11 times as much Scotch, are twice as likely to have two cars, travel abroad three times as much, drink four times as much wine with

your meals and have nearly a 600% better chance of using an American Express card. And the good things of life common to every free citizen are common to everyone in Toronto as well, maybe even more common—having such things as massive power blackouts, every second of every day four people make love in Toronto, with the result that, among other things, a new Torontonian is born every 14 minutes. The sex in the city can't be that bad either, because Torontonians do at the rate of only one every 37 minutes. Every day in Toronto, 115,8 people get married and a householder outgrows to the suburbs that a museum is plundering his elegant garbage.

**W**hat is beyond the bounds of credence, however, is the number of people who visit the place every year, people looking for fun and relaxation who actually seek it in Toronto—tourists, in other words. In any given year in the past decade, more than 10 million of them passed through the Toronto area, discounting those rural folk from places like Ottawa and Hamilton, the crown jewel Canadian and American tourist visitation to the Toronto area that you extended the combined populations of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In a nation that treasures a national myth of The Big Sky and the desolate beauty of endless lakes while the city of the loss is heard upon the still air, something profoundly unknown has happened Toronto, the grey, WASPish town that used to be called

The City of Churches, has become a tourist spa, the Aztec pallo of the North.

It is a just-rund phenomenon on winter weekends the expensive stores and restaurants of Bloor Street and the bus-belt-theatre district farther downtown are as surrounded by cars bearing American license plates from the northern states as they are all through the summer months, when they are joined by tourists from as far away as California. As for why, consider this letter to the editor of the Toronto Star, published last summer during the height of the season:

"My husband and I have just returned from a trip to Toronto and feel we should refer the time to write and compliment your Mayor, William Denison, on his many fine achievements. We were very impressed by the amount of building construction going on in the downtown area. Moreover, we were delighted to see the air so clear, flowers, trees and water by everyone—whether city buildings, individual houses or businesses, the well-kept outer houses and buildings, the cleanliness of all areas, new or old, the beauty of the lakefront, easily accessible to everyone, and even more importantly, the number of people both young and old of all ethnic backgrounds, smiling at night in all parts of the city. This is what makes a city live—like an individual who sits out on a warm night enjoying their city. Keep up the good work, we look forward to our next visit — MRS. J. KENNEDY, MISSISSAUGA."

What attracts the tourist, at least the American tourist, is something more lustrous than Amparo, it is the middle-class dream actualized, an secure, safe, bourgeois 19th-century city that really works. Let it be recorded that about the same time in the 20th century that Walt Disney began play acting the 19th, charging admission to suggest Main Street finished out with a full set of happy houses. Americans began getting their jolt of nostalgia frustrated by traveling north to Toronto. It is a Toronto that is more reassuring for settling to prosperity and progress and — Men who get better development just like the skyscrapers in Chicago, a busy city with a registered motor vehicle for every 1.6 citizens and 4.2 vehicles for every downtown parking space, a city with 16 square feet of retail store space for every car, woman and child in the

metropolitan area. Privately magazine, a glossy American tourist periodical with 5.0 covers calls Toronto "The Very Model of a Modern Major Metropolis," adding, to clarify the matter, that "particularly Toronto isn't New York, and in some respects it isn't even Montreal! But then it isn't Detroit either, or Cleveland or Pittsburgh."

What that means, to tourists so moved that they write letters to the editors of out-of-town newspapers, is that you can revel in your middle-class affluence without getting snogged because of it, you can stroll neighborhood streets of all ethnic backgrounds without the fear that they will be made to the ground by the angry Irishmen while you are there. Not less than a TV producer you concerned to package several episodes of *Shawshank Street* (which is doubly and universally viewed four times a day in Toronto living rooms), good Torontonians that the is, the wanted to film the show locally, but after convincing the city for location the give up and did the show with American locales, because, the explained in despair, Toronto simply didn't have any suitable photos.

**T**oronto is clean, comfortable and safe, all middle-class values! writes one young writer. "You don't talk about these things in New York, you go there for other reasons, because things are happening to you. All the things that Canadian complex about being American—the plastic environmental artifice that pretends, the subtle reason of the landscape and the suburban monotony—we all right here. They're all middle-class things and Toronto is the middle-class capital of the world." Missions such as Penner think that's just fine and important enough to write about. "It's a big, clean city with a lot of looking going on." Penner reports. "And it's comfortable, they speak Canadian, and you won't get robbed."

Happy as a darter who has just finished a scotch ball at ninety in a hollow tree, Toronto thinks that's just fine, too, and is moving to exploit it. The days when it was a dull town known for its repressive drinking laws have passed, as downtown intelligentsia of Bohemians, Ukrainians, Germans, Greeks, Portuguese, West Indians, new citizens from all over the globe, has given the city a great boost toward cosmopolitanism, and the city fathers decide upon

I continued on page 73



OUR AMAZING SUPER HERO HAS STRUCK ONLY TWO BLOWS FOR JUSTICE AND ANVOR DENNISON TODAY. BUT LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT HIS DREADED NEMESIS AWAITS! THE KRYPTONITE OF THE NORTH! THE SECRET SUBSTANCE—BOOM!



OH, GOD... SOME KINDA BOOP... RIGHT ON BLOOR STREET? I CAN IT POSSIBLY GO FOR SWEET T-SOAK CHICKEN BALLS AT ADRIENNE CLARKSON'S TONIGHT!







# THE UNREAL DEREK IS UNREAL

BY JACK LUDWIG

"If people ever found out what I'm really like, Mom, I'd be finished"

Hockey, like all professional sports, depends on its image makers—advertisers, executives, publicists, spokesmen, on-arena puff writers—to put the publicity nose machine National Hockey League owners demand the media supply and fans crave. To be successful, a hockey star must have all the attributes of a well-advertised breakfast cereal. Maybe the greatest publicity winner of all time is a young man of high profile, rarely portrayed negatively elsewhere, Derek Sanderson. He and the swag junkies depend on each other. They exploit him and he, by letting himself be exploited, exploits their exploitation.

While the industry puns out its misinformation, Sanderson, their "far-out swinger," openly converts the phony image into an offer from the World Hockey Association—\$2.5 million for 10 years, or \$250,000 per. All Sanderson has to do is jump the Boston Bruins and tie up with the Miami Screaming Eagles!

Otherwise the phony image is a drug and a bane. It's like Tar Baby. The harder Sanderson fights to get free, the closer the image clings to him. Yet, \$2.5 million compensation for a lot of phantasies. First short jump ago Sanderson was just another talented junior lunked for the NHL. Sure, he'll keep on as a Memorial Cup winner, but won the Ontario Hockey Association scoring championship, and had been suspended for coldly clubbing an Edmonton player during the Memorial Cup final. Coldly, I say, because Sanderson is stuck with a *Wheezy McFurry Run* or *All About Eve* confusion of how he used that incident to project his playing-off image all over the North American hockey scene.

You know the Sanderson image—Derek the swinger, Derek the class dresser, Derek the sexual sage. Derek the rough, Derek "the cockroach," "hockey's Joe Penak," the NHL's first "rudeboy hip" nonconformist.

I'm a novelist, not a sportswriter. Fiction leans on the real. I can't write about anybody till I've seen the whites of his or her eyes. The word pattern is lacker. They merely plug info: the misreading-ditto-machine-often-misrepresented truth-counter truth-propagator and spokesperson does their work for them. As far as I'm concerned, Derek Sanderson had no existence before I saw him. I had seen him play hockey, knew all the legends, and knew not him. What I saw was a confusedly confused and contradictory guy young man with an extraordinary commitment to his father and mother and sister. Harold Sanderson is Derek in the sense of Isaac. Derek repeats his dad's words as though every statement were newly made and not easily depicted in most Canadian Lapine halls.

More to the point: the Sanderson who is supposed to

be such a nonconformist has the values one finds in many Canadian small towns, and big cities, too, particularly those Ontario communities that generate NHL stars. He refers to French Canadians only half-sadly as "Piss Scoop," obviously despite mutual athletic personality. Such as him, like Stone. There's of the *chinois* Cows. He regards American draft dodgers who have found refuge in Canada as, for the most part, "a bunch of chicken-livered wimps." In St. Catharines and Niagara Falls, one suspects, such sentiments abound. Between Harold Sanderson's and Derek Sanderson's conversations there is little of a generation gap. Derek's about as radically hip as Clarence Campbell, president of the NHL. But then Derek Sanderson never claimed to be radically hip, that's what the publicity machine said he was. And that is not the only discrepancy one finds between the image and the real human person Sanderson happens to be.

We met in Toronto a couple of nights after Boston had crashed their rivals for first place in the Eastern Division, the New York Rangers. In that game Sanderson had scored one goal and played his usual serious personality, forecasting, mouthful-guzzing, three periods. When he steps out on the ice for the first time the fans boo, the Montreal Canadiens' Gaudin brothers will cheer with laughter. Not one exception Phil Esposito, who leads the NHL in scoring. The only time Bobby Orr's name appears on a sign above an effigy of Sanderson which says MONTHS ORR IS ALIVE, MONTHS ORR! Almost any follower of hockey will agree that's right. Orr is the greatest hockey player ever. Derek Sanderson's name would never come up in that kind of discussion. Yet it's his name flying from the balconies, not Orr's. In the game he doesn't get one penalty, he won't face-fault fair and square. Lady Byng herself couldn't have played a cleaner game. But at Sanderson skate off a Ranger fan holler: "What's with ya, Sanderson, ya lousy ass!"

The media in 1972 are still shouting "Derek's mod," still hawking everybody with the possibility that Derek, like Joe Namath before him, will one day appear in white boots to go with his skates. The whole California Golden State hockey team already wears white skates and still the kids give out. And the "mod" Derek I met in Toronto is waiting on a new "innovative dress" image which unfortunately, the image purveyors haven't quite noticed. They still talk of his daring shirts and balls and back-up bloomers, his long hair (yikes), his motorcycle (yikes again). In brief, his under-wearing.

I sat that young man with a muscular muscular-muscle, his hair is not and not quite shoulder-length, his suit is grey flannel, pinstripe, with a vest yet, he orders a steak done medium-well when any swinger or jetsetter knows steak has to be eaten rare-medium rare, so project the proper image, even a little more. To go with his steak he orders, not champagne, or 20-year-old scotch, or even a beer! Three Pepsis Derek also for, and the waitress, familiar with his likes, doesn't bat an eye.

In that same restaurant, to compare with Sanderson's "hair" and "motorcycle," I sat three Chats with hair falling down the back, two braided Che Gueveras, one Fiddie Gumbel, an Alfred Hitchcock. I think of a typical offbeat cop with its splendid show of hair, hands, abdomen and musculature. Among these people Sanderson would not only sound but look queer. In fact, people he calls "bigs" seem to offend his sense of class. One such class by in a Yellowknife jail Sanderson sniffs. If he tells me "crazy" what he tells Johnny McKinnon about his corny stunts and dirty "You want a little class, kid, it's gonna cost you a few bucks," they may laugh in his face. The establishment is so weary of Derek Sanderson's. But because, moreover, are his. The close connection between

"money" and having "class" is a staple of the establishment credo to which Sanderson so generously subscribes. That \$2.5 million World Hockey Association offer is not to be sneezed at. Two and a half million bucks buys a lot of class. Besides, Sanderson tells me, "That could put me and my dad on Easy Street."

After lunch, Sanderson and I walk through the Colonnade on Toronto's Bloor Street. "Hey, you know any good broads in Toronto?" stranger Sanderson asks me. Several pretty girls pass by. Sanderson smiles, bows, makes a sad try at coming up with get-the-girl chatter. The girls ignore him and move right along. "Everybody thinks I got nothing but women," Sanderson says. "Finding nice broads isn't that easy."

A week or so later, as we're driving past Bachelor III in Toronto (which Sanderson was briefly connected with, when Joe Namath hadn't yet given it up) he observes wistfully, "I spoke to Joe Namath maybe 30 minutes in my whole life. In New York City. He says to me, 'Hey, man, know where I can find some girls?' Maybe he was putting me on." It's more likely that Namath was putting Sanderson off. Imagine how many times guys have asked Namath, "Hey, where are the broads?"

Sanderson, on the other hand, has almost had to hide the fact that he, the swinger, has been crushed with one woman, Judy Martin, for the past two years. "I'm so close to getting married you wouldn't believe it," he tells me, who believes it. "Not that I don't go in for a one-night stand." Sanderson adds, to relieve my anxiety, "except that apart from sex I don't give those broads nothing."

His loyalty to Judy Martin assumes real shape. John Rosen, the *Maclean's* photographer, comes from Toronto looking for faded Sanderson women to photograph. Sanderson refuses to give out the names of women he has had only casual relations with. He won't do it because it's stupid. But, more importantly, rejects it because of the hurt it might cause Judy Martin and his mother.

By this time I'm not surprised by the signs of fading and deficiency in Sanderson. In Toronto he tells me how angry he was when his good friend Eddie Shack got traded away from Boston. His eyes give "Trades," he says, "left a mark. They told it over your head all the time. To keep a guy in line." A "redneck" would go the next step of course, and ask how come "they" have so much unchallenged power.

But the Eddie Shack story isn't finished. "You know when I gave up that fighting?" Sanderson tells me. "It's when I'm laughing away at somebody in the middle of a game and look up and see — my old brother, Eddie! Right there and then I realize there's got to be something god-dam awful about what I'm doing." The stage makers haven't noticed. Sanderson's detouring put it down to the new three-man-in-a-row which automatically banishes the third player in any fight. Sanderson has stayed clear of boxing. Once in a while he does a chippy throw, like boxing the feet off (break!) great rookie Rick Martin, right after Martin has banged in his thirty-third goal. On the whole, though, his play is classically dense and fairly unexciting. Rick's nothing wild, as Mike "Shaky" Wilson n. says, burbling through space like some mad piddling muppet out of Dickens, or Johnnie "The" McKenzie trying to win some guy's rocks after and 30 pounds heavier right through the boards. To his mother, a theory about tax who knew) lost her choosing Pile Up, Derek's the essence of reliability — a beta personality. "Nobody," she tells me, "has to worry when Derek's around." According to her, Derek tries to hide his sensitivity. "If people ever found out what I'm really . . . convinced as your 98

# Doting On Derek



*"When I met Derek on a date in New York two years ago I wasn't his one just beginning to go through a big change. He was through being his corporate. He was looking for a relationship and a friend with that sexual nature. I wasn't sold on athletes, but he seemed intelligent — beyond his game, really — and one night I just said to him, 'You seem to know what you're talking about.' That he said to me, 'You've never given me a chance to show you.' He found out we could communicate and now we're just as good buddies as we are good lovers. Thanks as well as love. And you he's the best — the A number one best. And that physical thing is important in a relationship."*



*"Derek owns his heart on his sleeve. He gives his money away like water to people he believes need it more than he does. He likes to act like a hard guy who just talks. But he's a guy. He can read a stranger on the street — a drunk — and he'll just give him \$20 or \$30. He'll be driving along in the car and he'll see a couple in a wheelchair and he'll say, 'Get closer here. To people he loves Derek is totally generous. Now I think he spends too much money (maybe that wouldn't look right in quotes). That I mean he gives to everyone. He'll give a pair of shorts he likes in a minute and he'll make a dozen pass on every other. That's wrong because he never wants them all."*

*Judy Martin of Baywoodville, Texas  
loves Derek Sanderson of Niagara Falls, Ontario  
Too*



*"And his fun. He has a great sense of humor. He laughs all the time. What is there? He always catches up. Every conversation of people — Howard Stern, Rick Douglas — guys on the line. He's the prototype too — like wanting to be a writer in a movie. But that's not real. He's got his money side. Looking will make him money faster than any thing. But looking at his real love. So for me, well I'm down in Derek's love taking a showerhouse course for National I offer for American for three years and it's hard to get out swimming again. I'm making a movie called The Rose outside Derek the summer end. I have the female lead. He's really don't know what I'm doing."*

# 20 THINGS YOU'D BETTER KNOW ABOUT THE NEW TAXES

If you don't want to lose your shirt

BY J. H. ASPER

**T**hat's nothing you can do about the 1971 income-tax reforms you're just getting around to facing about now. Nothing except fill them out, much as you've always done, and get them in before the April 15 deadline. But next year, next year it's a whole new tax game. And if you don't know how to play it, you could end up in the penalty — or close enough to it to hurt.

But first let us make one thing perfectly clear: the returns you're faced with now are for last year's income — the list refers under the old law — and in a way they're a surprise to the Great Old Father Tax System that was set up so efficiently from 1948 through 1971. It came in during the era of New Look, the Jet Setters, Heavy Tractors, C. D. Howe and the Israeli War of Independence, and went out during the era of Unisex, Bob Dylan, Rushmore, Pierre Trudeau and Vietnam. You won't have the old tax to look around any more.

And let us make another thing perfectly clear: you're living under the new tax rules now. You have been since the first of the year. So if you're going to be in any shape to play the tax-return game in April 1973, there are some things you should be doing this month (such as saving the receipts from your child's nursery school or keeping a detailed record of your moving expenses if your company transfers you). Because the big thing about playing the new game will be avoiding taxes — not evading them, that's illegal — but making sure the tax man gets exactly what's coming to him, and no more. And that's not only legal (ask any judge) but useful (ask any shrewdly's accountant).

Now we had some questions ourselves about the new tax. (No bug in with, what's it all about?) and we asked them of J. H. Asper, the Worcester tax lawyer, syndicated newspaper columnist and author of *The Money Book*. He gave us some very clear answers which should give you a good idea of what you're up against — but, he insists, they shouldn't be taken as the final word. Remember there's no substitute for reviewing your tax problems with a professional adviser. Remember too that tax returns are just things a little better, but it never makes them less complicated.

## WHAT ARE SOME OF THE MAIN CHANGES THAT WILL SAVE US MONEY ON OUR 1972 RETURNS?

First, if you're single, your individual exemption has been raised to \$1,500 from \$1,200; if you're married and your wife doesn't work, it's been raised to \$2,250 from \$1,000. You can still claim the \$100 exemption for each dependent child who gets family allowance and the \$550 one for each child who doesn't. The standard \$100 medical and charities deduction also returns.

Second, there's a new employment expense deduction of 1% of your pay up to \$150. This one recognizes the cost of traveling, black and fern to work, keeping your clothes in shape and things like that. You don't need receipts to claim it.

Third, because Canadians move on the average of once every four years, either because of a job change or transfer, their moving costs now become deductible — provided your employer hasn't paid them and you can meet reasonable tests set out in the new tax rules. To qualify, you'll need receipts for such expenses as traveling costs, meals, hotels, storing furniture, transporting your household goods and the cost of something as apartment rent or selling your old home. This one may be a big saving — but, remember, you can't claim this deduction if you move simply because you want to.

## THAT SOUNDS AS IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE PLENTY. ARE WE?

No, you're not. The saving is generally modest — but considerable nevertheless — for most people. That's because the tax rates on your taxable income (your income after all deductions and exemptions have been taken off) are quite different, and generally higher, than the old rates. Just how well you make out will depend on the amount in deductions you can take advantage of. The point is, if you don't get everything that's coming to you, you could pay a lot more tax than you should.

## DO MARRIED MEN GET A TAX BREAK?

Yes, provided their income is entirely from wages or salary. Take a married man with two children under 16. He used to start paying tax at \$2,500, now he doesn't start until \$3,750. Look at his deductions on an income of \$7,731 a year: \$2,830 married, \$600 children, \$100 medical and charities (of the standard deduction is a good) \$114 employment expense, and \$68 Canada Pension contributions. Under the old law he would have paid \$157. Now he pays nothing. The greatest savings for married men are at the lower and upper ends of the income scale. A

\$5,000-a-year man with the same deductions saves \$122; a \$10,000-a-year (gross \$48) and a \$20,000-a-year man \$112. A \$100,000-a-year man saves \$1,181 (though at that level he's probably got capital gains which weren't taxable last year but are now).

Because the old tax scale had become somewhat distorted in favor of middle income, no attempt has been made to produce a more graduated scale in the new law. The result is that for most married men with children the biggest tax breaks are for those making less than \$10,000 a year or more than \$15,000.

## WHO GETS THE MOST HELP UNDER THE NEW TAX?

People on low incomes. Most families making less than \$4,000 a year, for example, will pay no tax at all. The same goes for single people, earning up to just under \$1,800. And between \$1,800 and \$9,000, there's still a saving. A single man earning \$1,800 used to pay \$103; now he'll pay \$31.

## WHOSE TAXES ARE SURE TO GO UP?

Those of single people — and those taxed as single — in the middle-income range, though they're not being hit very hard. For those making just under \$9,000 up to those making about \$20,000, the new tax is slightly higher than the old. A single woman making \$11,000, for instance, will pay \$2,536 on her 1972 income, compared to the \$2,483 she paid before.

## HOW ABOUT WORKING MOTHERS? ANY HELP FOR THEM?

The new child-care allowance should provide some help, but just how much is another matter. One thing a working mother doesn't get is any relief from the heavy tax her husband pays on the first \$1,340 of her earnings. In effect, because he loses his married allowance, the joint income pays tax on those first earnings at the husband's top tax rate. Nevertheless, the child-care allowance should be a benefit to any family where the mother works because the more he, it should be an even greater benefit to low-income families where the mother works because she has to.

Actually, the new allowance is available to single women and men as well as married couples, as long as they're responsible for looking after children under 14. It's based on the expenses laid out for child care and cannot exceed \$960 for each child. The maximum is \$2,000 in any year for any one taxpayer. The child-care expense includes day-care, day-care nurseries and boarding schools. The allowance is also available for children over 14 if they're dependent on their parents because of mental or physical illness. In all cases, you'll need receipts.

## ARE WOMEN'S RIGHTS RECOGNIZED IN ANY OTHER WAY?

Well, there are the rules for the new capital gains tax. When the head of a family makes a gift of a capital asset to anyone — say, his child — he will have to pay a capital gains tax when he transfers it to the child, if the value of the asset has gone up since he acquired it. But if he makes the gift to his wife, there will be no capital gains tax until she sells it and makes a profit. This provision is designed to give women tax recognition in the financial partnership that is fast evolving in many marriages today.

## ARE THERE ANY NEW BENEFITS FOR SENIOR CITIZENS?

Some progress has been made toward granting tax-free status to old people with modest incomes. If you're 65 or over, you can now claim a special additional exemption of \$550 (under the old law you had to wait until you were 70 and then the additional exemption was \$500). So, for a married couple over 65, the first \$5,600 of income is tax-free (married exemption \$2,850, standard medical and charities \$100, senior citizens exemption \$850). The tax for a married man with an income of \$14,144 (\$4,000 plus \$144 guaranteed income supplement which is not taxable under the new law) is \$88, compared with \$254 under the old system. So his saving is \$264.

## A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE SAVING HARD FOR A RAINY DAY OR RETIREMENT. WILL THEY BE BETTER OFF NOW?

Yes, they will. There are now higher limits for contributions to pension and deferred profit plans and retirement savings plans. There are very important tax savings. Under the old law, a company could contribute a tax-deductible maximum of \$1,500 for each employee in a pension plan. The employer's contribution was also limited to \$1,500 a year. But he could add to that by going to a life insurance or trust company and taking out a supplemental, or optional, retirement savings plan. To the private plan, he could contribute the difference between what he was paying to the company plan and 20% of his income or \$1,500, whichever was less. Then his contributions to both plans were deductible.

The new law almost doubles both limits. The company pension limit has been increased to \$2,500 each for the company and the employee. The employee can supplement his company plan with a private one up to a total of \$2,500 or 20% of his income, whichever is less. That makes saving through a pension plan of one type or another

offer the best tax-reducing device available to Canadian Contributors are entirely deductible, and though you'll pay tax when you withdraw your pension funds you'll probably do so at lower rates. Besides, a dollar of tax deferred is a dollar of tax actually saved, because the money you would have otherwise had out in taxes — had you not contributed to the pension plan — is earning tax-free interest until the day you draw it out.

## 10

### ARE THERE ANY BONUSES FOR GIVING TO CHARITY?

Yes, the amount you can give has been doubled. The old law allowed you to deduct charitable gifts up to 30% of your income. You can now deduct up to 35%. But there's a catch: You have to give to a charity that is recognized by the Department of National Revenue. Better check.

## 11

### MORE AND MORE PEOPLE HAVE AGED OR AILING RELATIVES TO SUPPORT. DO THEY GET ANY BREAK UNDER THE NEW TAX?

If a relative, say your mother, is dependent on you, you can include in your medical-expense deduction the actual cost of full-time care in a nursing home or, if she stays at home, the cost of one full-time attendant. But the relative, your mother in this case, has to be confined to bed or a wheelchair for the whole year because of her illness. The nursing-home deduction is also allowed if she is confined by a doctor to be in a medical institution which makes her dependent on others for her personal needs and care. This generally will cover sanity. Unfortunately, many doctors have been reluctant to issue such certificates, but it's hoped that in the near future the Department of National Revenue and the medical professions will take steps to make it easier for taxpayers to get this kind of relief. Some provinces may soon start paying nursing home costs from their public medical plans and, where they do, the cost will not, of course, be deductible for tax purposes.

## 12

### NOW THAT WE HAVE A CAPITAL GAINS TAX, WILL WE HAVE TO REPORT CASUAL PROFITS FROM OUR HOBBIES?

The kind of casual profit you might make from a coin or stamp collection will not likely be taxable. This is covered by the rule that says that no capital gain is taxable if you sell an item of personal property for less than \$1,000. If you've been storing rare coins or collecting antique jewelry, and sell your collection for \$990, there's no tax to pay even if this does produce some gain for you. But if your actual cost was \$700 and / continued on page 25

# LIVING WITH IT: THREE CASES IN POINT



Married man with two children under 14. Makes \$6,000 a year. Wife doesn't work. He pays \$90 for dentist and drugs. Makes no contributions to charity. So claims the standard \$100.

HIS NEW TAX IS	\$502
HIS OLD TAX WAS	\$629

His wife goes to work. Earns \$3,500. Her mother looks after one child. The other goes to a day-care centre that costs \$600.

THE NEW TAX FOR BOTH HUSBAND AND WIFE IS	\$1,122
THE OLD TAX WAS	\$1,302

COMMENT: With his wife not working, the new tax saves him \$2.44 a week on a wage of \$115. When she takes a job, his tax bill goes up an extra \$6.92 a week because he loses the new \$1,350 allowance for her. She gets a new deduction of \$500 for child care, though it costs her \$600, and winds up paying \$280 tax. So here's how the family makes out after taxes: Husband alone makes \$115 a week and has \$105.73 after-tax money before paying Canada Pension, unemployment, medical insurance and probably union dues. Husband and wife make \$183 a week, pay \$21.40 tax and have \$161.60 after-tax money. Out of this they pay \$12 a week child care and most of the other payroll deductions, plus the costs of traveling to work, etc., which are doubtful. So, after tax and other costs, they probably have \$135 a week with both parents working and \$95 when only the husband works.



Married man with two children under 14. Makes \$12,000 a year. Wife doesn't work. He pays \$750 medical expenses. Has no charities. Contributes 5% of his salary to the company pension. His wife has some investments and gets \$200 bond interest and \$100 in dividends.

HIS NEW TAX IS	\$1,928
HIS OLD TAX WAS	\$2,005

His wife goes to work. Earns \$7,500. Pays a housekeeper \$3,300.

THE NEW TAX FOR BOTH HUSBAND AND WIFE IS	\$3,522
THE OLD TAX WAS	\$3,809

COMMENT: With his wife not working, the new tax saves him \$77 or about \$6.50 a month. His after-tax income is \$864 a month. When his wife takes a job, the family income jumps \$492 a month to \$1,356, after taxes. Out of this, they pay \$275 a month for the housekeeper, so they appear to have \$217 more a month to live on. But there will be the usual deductions, apart from income tax, from the husband's pay as well as his pension-fund contributions. His wife will have similar deductions and the employer's share of contributions for the housekeeper — such things as unemployment and medical insurance. There will also be extra food costs. So here's how the family really makes out after tax and other costs: husband alone — \$789 a month; husband and wife — \$977 a month (and she's getting the benefit of a housekeeper).



Married man with two children under 14. Makes \$25,000 a year. Wife doesn't work. He pays \$1,600 medical expenses. Gives \$1,000 to his church. Puts the tax-deductible maximum \$4,000 into a private pension fund (there's no company plan where he works). Has \$630 capital gain from stocks.

HIS NEW TAX IS	\$5,086
HIS OLD TAX WAS	\$5,724

He sells his cottage to buy a second car and a boat. His capital gain from the deal is \$3,500.

HIS NEW CAPITAL GAINS TAX IS	\$798
HIS OLD TAX WAS	NIL

COMMENT: His after-tax income (leaving aside the one-shot stock gain) is \$1,669 a month under the new tax, an increase of \$63 a month over the old — but this saving comes almost entirely from the new increase in the amount he can deduct for pension-plan contributions, \$4,000 instead of the old \$2,500. Though he's in the so-called executive class, he too has payroll deductions and transportation costs (even if you allow him only public transit), plus his pension-fund contributions. So his take-home pay is about \$1,230 under the new tax; it was about \$1,176 under the old. Executive he may be, but he certainly isn't in the high-spending class. Besides that, it's getting tough at his salary level to increase his take-home pay. To get another \$100 a month clear he has to get a raise of \$180 a month or \$2,160 a year.

# THE SOUND OF MARIO BERNARDI

BY BARRIE HALE

Outside Ottawa's Arts Centre is winter.  
Thank God for the maestro within.

More than a century after Queen Victoria chose it as the capital of United Canada in 1857, Ottawa is still most charitably described as a promising town. Its stored Indian summer is still beautiful, but each long winter seems the worst in memory, each sun now more feared than the last. There are flower sellers and poster phobers on the Sparks Street pedestrian mall now, but the downtown core is desolate by six o'clock at night. The dream along the canal and the river are winding and verdant, and the National Capital Commission has put carls in instructions of residential streets so you have to slow down to admire the snowing trees, but some of the roads in and out of town are terrible and the airport really only a way station in the Ottawa-Quebec flight network. The National Theatre School and the National Film Board are in Montreal, the National Ballet and the Canadian

Opera Company in Toronto, the Royal Ballet in Winnipeg, the classical theatre in Stratford, and very rarely only the National Arts Centre with its young curatorial staff has given the place any sort of cultural focus nationally. As a national capital, Ottawa — at its residents will tell you fondly — makes a fine suburban lumber village, through the bemused eyes of its foreign diplomatic corps, it has always seemed one of the world's most dismal postings.

This chilly afternoon a few dozen young men and women began to struggle into one of the gravity-shaped rehearsal halls tucked away backstage in the dancer of Jaxapanga that make up Ottawa's new National Arts Centre, and continued the business of changing all that. Bringing cultural battle to Ottawa is a heavy matter, and if it weighs at all upon this group of people it does not show, they

are musicians, fiddle players mostly, and together with Maestro Mario Bernardi and a pocket-sized support staff they are the National Arts Centre Orchestra. What they are is *encompassed* musicians, and by taking care of that they have given Ottawa and the whole country the benefits of one of the finest young ensembles in international music. There is an orchestra whose "depression, efficiency and radiant musicality," as one Toronto music critic put it, has already "left all its important competitors — including the Montreal and Toronto Symphony Orchestras — standing at the gate." Although they made their debut at the National Arts Centre only in 1989, they are the first Canadian symphony orchestra to sign a major, long-term international recording contract (with RCA Victor), they made their New York debut in February, and this spring they will begin their first

European tour by inaugurating the Beethoven Festival in England.

This day, 36 hours before opening their third season in the Arts Centre's Opera, they appear a very casual and overfilled lot, they are surprisingly young — the average age of the orchestra is about 30 — and they are looking about in the kind of tensely casual clothes common on college campuses before the bearded gentleness come along, the language of a young Thoreau, as he complains that the reason they are rehearsing in bare wood is the Centre's Opera is that there is some kind of *Amherst* show in there, would be impossible not for today's politics of contrivedness.

The rehearsal hall began to fill up, and when everyone is there it is clear that there are really not many of them. The NAC orchestra numbers only 66, it is what is known as a "classical" symphony/consortium on page 37



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY COLEMAN



# BACKING THE BETTER MOUSETRAP

BY ALEXANDER ROSS

Men invent mousetrap. Mousetrap works. Inventor beats a path to his nearest Canadian venture capitalist



It happened just the way it's supposed to in all the folklore about *Alvin* Mousetraps. Harold Humphrey, a graying, 51-year-old consulting engineer who knows more about physics and how to use them than almost anyone else in the country, was sitting at the kitchen table of his bungalow outside Toronto early one morning in 1966, sipping coffee and doodling on a scratch pad. He had to get up to face the rest of the family was awake, pad around in his basement, fix himself some coffee, and while the house was still quiet...

The several years now Humphrey had been fixating about the whole problem of pumps. A pump, of course, is a device for using energy to transport liquids from one level to another and it's one of the most basic machines on earth. There are hundreds of designs for pumps — all of them, in Harold Humphrey's view, too damned complicated. "They have valves and springs and all kinds of little parts. I simply felt there must be

## HICKORY CICKORY DAVIS

Now you take your average better mousetrap, it doesn't look like much. But when once *Proctor* (left) builds one, it's a work of art as well as a functioning machine. And here's how it works: The mouse enters the box with the legs on the side. Inside is a treadmill and hanging from the bars on top is a piece of cheese. Now to get to the cheese the mouse has to get on the treadmill, which sets the whole wonderful contraption in motion. At pulley attachment pulls a release hook up the pole at left, then releases the one at the top of the track. The one rolls down, as it's doing so the photo, and then a lever which is prying open the door at centre, this lets the door swing back, trapping the mouse. Anything else you'd like to know?

a better way. And that morning, sitting there at the kitchen table, in a flash, I had the whole thing. It just suddenly flashed on me — that's the way to go."

Humphrey, a professional engineer who designed ammunition containers for the army during the Fifties and the last half that is now standard equipment on all General Motors cars, immediately turned down to his basement workshop and started tinkering. What he'd drawn on his scratch pad was the design for a new kind of pump that was — but of course — revolutionary. Within 24 hours he'd built a prototype. "And it worked," he says. "I'd feared what I was looking for. The simplest possible pump. Only two parts, one made of rubber, the other a flat piece of plastic. That's got to be the simplest possible pump you could ever hope to get." It's called Poly Pump.

Now according to folklore, that's the happy ending. Men invent mousetrap. Mousetrap works. World markets beat a path to his door. Investor gets rich. Returns to the Rovers.

In Humphrey's case, it's actually beginning to work out something like that. Poly Pump Limited is now a public company with three plants in three provinces, \$10 million in sales last year and about 500,000 pumps in use — mostly on liquid-disposal bottles, those plastic containers that squirt out liquid before Humphrey, as a minority stockholder and technical consultant to the company, it much richer than he was before, though he's still no millionaire.

But all of this was a lot trickier than folklore. It actually takes at least seven years to turn an idea into a profitable company. It also takes millions of dollars, which someone must be extracted from a financial community that is skilled, above all else, at thinking up reasons why it Can't Be Done.

So this isn't a story about seven years. It's a story about what happens — or doesn't happen — after a promising invention has been created. It's about the most crucial stage in this process: finding the money that must be spent to prove that the mousetrap not only works but can be sold at a profit. And it's about a new and specialized breed of investor who's beginning to emerge in this country: the venture capitalist, who uses his money, his technical judgment, his business savvy and his intuition about people to help bridge the vast distance between an inventor's bright idea and a profitable business.

Venture capital is probably the newest branch of the whole money business. In Canada, it's a relatively new field, there are only about two dozen firms, most of them based in Toronto and Montreal, that specialize full time in providing "seed money" to promising young companies. Typically, these firms consist of no more than half-a-dozen bright young men who spend their days evaluating the proposals of people who come to them seeking financial backing.

The whole idea, at the brochure of our firm expresses it, is "not to invest in blue chips but to assist in the creation of the blue chips of tomorrow." If you find the right man with the right idea, and if you back him early enough — sometimes even before a company has been formed — and if you're prepared to surround the venture for as long as 10 years, you might wind up with a large profit. Venture-capital people are always dreaming about finding "another Xerox," some tiny company, whose stock is worth pennies, that has the potential to become an industrial giant.

The fact that Canada now has the beginnings of a venture-capital industry is something to feel hopeful about. Seed money now means corporate control / continued on page 65



# A FEAST OF PROVINCES

BY AL PURDY

*Five thousand miles for the eye and the mind to grasp and the memory to hold on to*

On the road again. Sometimes it seems I've been wandering most of my life. Come to think of it, maybe wandering is my life. The last claim at home is a fever to get away. The next waking places you want to go superimpose on your own backyard. Of course, traveling it at such fast outpacing as actually being under way, watching the distance shorten under blurred car wheels, or finally getting there and watching what you have in your head with the real thing. And when reward unearings and outward reality mesh together in 60 miles an hour, you gain something that can't be bought — except with the time of your life.

My wife and I hooked a five-year-old trailer to our late last summer and drove through western Canada, bagging from one province to another whenever something unseasoned us. Riding around a Saskatchewan farm on a red roaring caubone. Partisating over dinosaur fossils in Alberta. By the time we got back to Ontario it was getting cold, so I continued across the country alone by train and plane. Eating breaded cod's tongues in a fisherman's house on Cape Breton Island. Getting smudged down by big orange lobsters in the Farmer's Market in Saint John.

Thinking about the whole trip after I returned was like watching one of those jingo old movies with the man's eye. You know the lead, the picture jolts unexpectedly from scene to scene and place to place. For it was a journey of the mind as well as one of miles, a kind of feast of provinces. And feast should be shared. And so:

## BRITISH COLUMBIA: MISTY VISIONS ON THE WAY TO TOFINO

Maybe it's a flaw in my character but I love Vancouver. I've been broke there, worked in a factory there, picked blackberries on False Creek there, and been depressive there. The whole city is an adventure — the lush landscape of the Fraser delta, where drunks pass out on evergreen lawns in winter and don't freeze; they just lie there until spring and peacefully mellow. And I have friends in Vancouver: some of them more or less level-headed despite the Japanese upshot of the place. Reluctantly they manage to forgive me for living somewhere else. So we park the trailer at a friend's house in suburban Burnaby for a few days.

A week later we're cutting across the west of Vancouver Island, heading west toward Tofino and Ucluelet on a road as steep the mountain goats all have psychiastrist. Most things in upper reaches of trees; underlying trees mostly change color to pale pea green or dark grass green as we sit there or flicker. It is, of course, magnificent. We stop at an unlined place beside the road for lunch. A narrow mile-a-minute river has carved solid rock into a tortuous loosepotent ridges. We sit sandwiches with

hennas for desert. I say, "Let's buy some land here and build a house!" (I have visions of changing my laser rate into a larger Nature and being creative in hell.)

The island went quiet between Ucluelet and Tofino as a marvelous 50 miles of level golden sand. Whales today spewing a few miles out from our parking spot. I say, "Let's buy some land!"

Anything good you always want to own yourself, to be able to have it and use it again and again. This is, and you really think about it. It's taken me a long time to learn that anything marvelous, all those things that produce an emotion in your throat — why, I own those things already. The eyes take title and the mind possesses. This is not just writer's rhetoric. The act of appreciation isn't legal ownership, but nevertheless constitutes real knowledge that a house being is composed of all the things he has seen and knows and loved.

Just the same, driving east through high and wide Glacier National Park, I say, "Let's buy a golden encounter!"

## ALBERTA: PREHISTORIC FANTASY IN DINOSAUR COUNTRY

From Brooks, Alberta, about 640 miles east of Calgary, we drive 40 miles north to the dinosaur park. The fertile plains of wheat country give way to a more landscape of grey skull-like hills in somehow ghastly sunlight. Here, where recent volcanoes splintered sky and earth with molten long ago, the Red Deer River pushes its green wedge through a nearly dead earth. Soon we're staring with other sight-seers outside a large glass case containing a fossilized dinosaur skeleton, listening to the park warden's spiel.

All of this is enough to transport any tourist back into that other package era, if he has any imagination at all. My own reaction is the following fairy tale based on reality.

Eighty million years ago a body of water 500 miles wide called the Bearpaw Sea by geologists, split our whole continent from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic ocean. That was in the late afternoon of the day of the dinosaurs. Those overgrown lizards lived on the edge of the ancient sea when Alberta was semitropical. The oceanic — reptiles flow five to 40 feet high with fast-moving winds of tooth and claw — roared the land masses before the Rocky Mountains were born. The vegetation, generally smaller in Alberta, were semiaquatic brack, feeding on plants and prehistoric green salad in the rainlands.

One particular dinosaur of that early era was a duckbill vegetarian, some 25 feet long. I tell him Albert, giving him a banana bundle to walk the steps beside him when Consider Albert. There he is, body half submerged in water, eating greens and being completely at home in the world.

landscape of ancient earth. Albert probably had a personality — gentle, I think, and perhaps patient. Under blue sky and bright when sun, glowing, glowing, glowing. No hint of danger from south or west.

Then death appeared in the form of enormous Tyrannosaurus Rex, 35 feet long, who grabbed Albert's tail with teeth like every trap. Albert struggled, of course, escaped eventually into deep water, moving plausibly. From that time on Albert's good disposition was ruined. His broken tail took a long time to heal, but it did, though aching occasionally. When he died much later that tail was a primary reason. For Albert couldn't swim as well, had to be cautious about shallow water, thus the more modest plants remained out of reach. His digestion and liver system were probably ruined. And when he died, moon holes swept his body back to the edge of the Bering Sea. It noted there, and earth, a slow brown-green blanket, formed itself around Albert's skeleton.

I found outside a glass case near Brooks, in 1971, and there's Albert's skeleton. His bones are now completely fossilized, organic matter replaced with elements of earth. Only shape and form remain. But there's Albert still.

#### SASKATCHEWAN: NITCHING A RIDE ON A RED ROARING COMBINE

Wife McKennie is a wheat farmer ("I'd rather go broke than do anything else") near Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan — red-faced, lively, a free interpreter to and from categories ("Don't like government handouts, never did"). A man who thinks the farmer's biggest problem is marketing.

"Look," he says, as the red roaring combine grumbles around his home, 1,600 acres and I hold onto the railing, "we grow wheat for the world, food for the hungry, and there's something wrong when that food can't be sold."

For milk and meat in all directions the only thing you can see is bright yellow wheat. I bend forward, see Wife McKennie's ear, "Okay, it's the good life for you, but why?" Spacing the big Massey-Ferguson around, he says, "Well, function for instance close to nature and all that. My father homesteaded this section and a half, and now it's me. I've got six sons, but my daughter's husband will run the place after I'm gone."

"You mean Indians?"  
"Yes, there's that. And what it says in the Bible, that men was made from dirt, and from this same dirt we take food for the world."

I look around at the small ruins of "dirt" heavy clay soil laid down here on the edge of the Regina Plain when the last glaciers surrounded just nearly 20,000 years ago.

"But you're lucky," I say. "You inherited that place. So will your son-in-law. What about the kids who grow up today and in the future? They'll see it taken \$100,000 worth of land and machinery to start a kingdom like this one. Say a young guy gets married and he and his wife want to be wheat farmers. How can they raise all that cash?"

Well, perhaps so softly over the machine road that I have to bend close to his seatbelts, stretch legs. "There isn't any way that kid was ever to be a farmer," he says. "It's a lonely closed shop. If you're not born rich or a farmer's son, then farming a section of land is a great pipe dream."

"But I'm here now," Wife says. "Selling is the problem now. I don't care if the price is down, this year's crop might be sold. You know, I got 30 to 35 bushels of wheat per two wheat here for every acre of God's dust. I take it to the elevator and the man says he's got loss for only number four wheat. What do I do? Take that wheat home? No, I give it to him for the same price he pays for number four."

"Aren't you getting chafed?"

"Sometimes maybe, mostly not. But the thing is that wheat is sold. I can go back home and grow more more."

The combine sits patiently, idling, waiting, waiting at yellow down as hay get. You can sit almost forever in any direction except down. Nothing small about anything here. Nothing delicate. Sell the wheat and to hell with the price. Grow more more, keep it coming. End the world.

#### MANITOBA: TOUCH THE HAND THAT TOUCHED THE HAND OF WANDERING SPIRIT

When I was making some travel arrangements in Winnipeg, the agent told me a survivor of the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, not a very old man, and I met him. Duncan McLennan was only 84 years old when he was captured by Big Bear and Wandering Spirit. So I went to see old Duncan at Gray's Travel Service where he was working at that time. The man at the travel agency desk told me McLennan wasn't just there. I went back again later and got the man himself. The day after I went back I had a flash of insight. I said to the man at the travel agency, "You're Duncan McLennan, aren't you?"

He gave me an odd look and kind of breath. Then he said, "If you think I'm going to admit that I was a prisoner of Big Bear during the Northwest Rebellion, please. I'm here selling jet air travel tickets to Rome, you're much more taken." He had a point there.

Duncan McLennan was only about 75 when I went to see him, but he was 94. And seemed to sense how I felt about him — long history and that sort of thing — perhaps with slight misinterpretation. I thought of him in connection with the French and English for leaders of those early days, wandering the prairie of Rupert's Land. But old Duncan stood as a stereotype. He was a snappy dresser, gray-prime suit and stylish hats so making him an ancient was absurd. Something inside me clarified about this, but I was half-reverent at the same time. It's silly, but I thought: touch the hand that touched the hand of Wandering Spirit and Louis Riel, even if this guy never did touch them. We drink some coffee and McLennan bounced up a little, not much. What about tea? I said, but even so, so English, he replied grumpily, his rather pragmatic, his whole life's work of hostile Indians who had already murdered several whites, the small boy who became his formidable old man said he was never afraid.

"There was no time for that. You have to remember that the Indians were trying to keep ahead of white men who were chasing them. And we had to keep up with the Indians, even apart from being prisoners. If we hadn't it would have meant starvation in that wild back country." He stopped to think back 86 years, then said reflectively, "Once I saw an old woman hanging from a tree by a rope. She'd killed herself."

"Why?"  
"Couldn't keep up with her people, just too fat and old." McLennan didn't say any more about that and didn't need to. But the story turned me around for me, a sixth picture of the dead Indian women floating in my mind, dying, slaying in the wind as she hung on a rottened tree. Old Duncan was still silent when I left.

#### ONTARIO: GREAT DIGRESSIONS ON COUNTRY ROADS

Rural Ontario is a nice place to visit. It's also a nice place to live. My wife and I built a house on Robin Lake near Amelburg 13 years ago, and the "twines" still regard us as newcomers. People around there have voted Conservative since the last that was fired in the Americas Revolution, which was when the United Empire Loyalists first



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY HALL

married to arms. And I have no doubt that those first arrivals looked unsteady down their noses at the last Johnny-come-farther.

We took the house with a pile of used lumber we bought in nearby Belleville, then went inside to wait out the winter. We had no electricity or plumbing. There oil lamps were needed to read a book, and I chopped through three- and four-foot thick ice for water some February and March. An ancient iron cookstove was the only heat source. In really cold weather, I sat the stove clock for every two hours so I could check out of bed and slide the stove. The neighbors, of course, thought I was drunk crazy and my wife even craved to stay with me.

But living there — being trapped, if you like — I was forced to explore my own immediate surroundings. In 1975 the 100-acre gravel pit I call "standing" — an enormous mound built five stories high with three-foot-thick stone walls I poked into every corner of that reef, stepping gingerly over black holes in the floor that dropped 40 feet straight down, not looking at the 24-inch-wide boards from vanished green forests. Old Owen Kellie built that gravel pit in 1845. Around 1960 they tore out six fuel and lights, confining them in Black Creek Pioneer Village just outside Toronto for the edification of tourists.

Wandering the roads on foot or driving when we had money for gas, I got interested in the old styles of architecture. Not in any kind of expert, but with the idea that houses express the character of landless owners and builders. Gingerbreaded woodwork on a white frame house for instance. The exact spot where a 19th-century axe worked an hour longer than he had to because he got interested and forgot about money. That last 19th century house is still visible at one corner of the house.

A few finding roads I never noticed before, ones after 25 years of being an outsider. As if some political roads department built them last night in the dark of the moon. Leaky and overgrown some of them, hiding to a price dead end in snow-drunken brushwood, abandoned long since but still containing the way of people's lives. Roads like tunnel under rocks so that the sun shatters into splinters and beams of black lightning. Country roads have the enduring quality of never going anywhere important, certainly not to a city, of being an end of themselves, as if any place you might care to stop the car you have already arrived.

#### QUEBEC: ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MEMORIES IN LOWER TOWN

Montreal always seems to me a huge metropolitan centre but Quebec City is a step back in time, everything already happened and then stopped so you can see the truth. Even the streets here are not quite as half-burnt for heaven.

In bright metallic fall sunburn, an elevator connecting the Lower Town and Upper premises and chuffs between the two worlds. Above it's luxury; below it's still luxury — but with a difference. Around the Château Frontenac hotel, visitors are in their element; in the Lower Town they are on the outside of things, minutely vigilant on the lookout for something picturesque to remember when they get back home.

I am also a tourist, looking for hidden of things for my own memory to hold on to. Probably I do that most of the time anyway, but here on the waterfront — ships loading and unloading, towers holding hands with their eyes, old stone buildings prebaking from past to present, the quadsomatically French feel of the place — dunes tickle through my soul like little tricolor flags.

Status of Wolfe and Montcalm on Grande Allée, the Plains of Abraham surrounded by churches and hotels, French-Canadian history which joins and becomes my own

history in 1759 — you have to think of Quebec that way, with a whole net of capillaries and nerves stretching back to the past, woven into the body of Canada as well as our own bodies, countless invisible strands leading us together in ways we don't even know about. Which is a point I think the separatists pass over in silence — the point that the French-Canadian past and English-Canadian past converge and join to exactly the degree that the spinal cord and pelvic arch of this country's creation belong to both of us.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK: EYE TO EYE WITH A BIG ORANGE LOBSTER

In Saint John I intend to not wander the streets, being a ghostly observer of things that a pile blows in from the sea at 40 mph, and even keep it to the sidewalk just outside the Lunenburg Burying Ground. I feel transient in shellfishes in this wind. The dead are anchored and permanent in the 18th century by compulsion. Full summer things office and factory workers have to eat their lunch in the green shade, for this is a century without work rights in the downtown area.

I remember Alden Nowlan, the Maritimes poet, talking about the kind of windy people down here have: "I grew up in Hartland, in southwestern New Brunswick, where they have that long covered bridge that's in tourist folders. The kind of place where everyone knows everything about everybody else. The kind of life. Parents and firemen and working in the woods. Most of them did a little of everything to scratch out a living. And then a very good living. Fights breaking out at dances. What the new schoolteacher was like. The kind of life stuff I try to get into my poems. That wild windy you see here."

I wander through the Farmer's Market on Charlotte Street, where big orange lobsters slice aggressively at me from white powder, beside racks of personalities and clam. I watch the people trying to see that an Alden Nowlan does. Also, their attitudes are invisible to me. But I want to know them just the same.

In the harbor a few blocks away fishermen are loading and unloading. The sun works out of shrouded clouds, a bit afraid it may be blown away by the gusting wind. I walk and walk, with a kind of pleasant feeling of everyone being in the streets for some good reason, everyone predictable, to sleep and do business.

The Keweenaw Falls on the St. John River, Manicou Tower, the 1810 Loyalist House and Saint John dry dock — I've visited all these before and don't feel like re-creating my steps. Instead, just by walking and looking at people, I get a feeling of this city by the sea, as if seeing this city paper over something I wanted to remember. Thousands and thousands of impressions, from the city itself and from looks and people I've met. Of a slightly poorer sea than central Canada, but one with its own mystery, its own starkness of character inspired by sea and land.

#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND: CALMING DOWN IN AN OUTDOOR LIVING ROOM

You can see all of PEI from an airplane. Not a huge continent or a world, but something the eye and mind can grasp and hold on to. Potato counties and townships at the sea's edge. Dark red soil laid out in squares. Summer crops have been seen and the land nearly naked.

*After I've found-burnt house as a pirate  
as if a manly old carpenter,  
shoulder-straps crossed wrong,*

*and it out  
referred to the last shore-angels of a shingle.  
That's what the poet Milton Acorn wrote about his*





home office and, looking down from an airplane, it's like a big backyard, an outdoor living room, a calm place where nobody hurries.

Among PEI's various official and provincial cultural festivals — where natural I can never remember — the Charlottetown one is memorable for me. In 1966 Marjorie Bennett's novel, *Turkey*, debuted there as a stage play. Jack McAndrew, the publicity guy then, is in charge of the whole hee-ho. He's large and barrel-chested, a citizen of the Marston community. He tells me *Anne of Green Gables*, the perennial stage hit of Charlottetown, is being taken to New York City Courts for a two-week run. *Orphanus in The Underworld* replaces it here, which seems only right. About *Anne* in New York, Jack says, "It's like taking a virgin into the middle of a motorcycle gang." (Maybe so, but *Anne* equipped with her innocence cried. She was a "literally wholesome" that the critics more or less said "raw shocker" and let her go.)

I wander the streets of Charlottetown, past white frame mansions that position built in the 19th century, the perfume buildings where a war was raging about local schools being turned over to the provincial government and people are afraid their taxes will go up. It's like a miniature of the country as a whole. But things are slower here and not ashamed to be quiet. Jack McAndrew says "A man is not discriminated here, he can be avoided and make his personality felt still." I think the whole island feels much the same way about the rest of Canada in the 19th century days about the political center, the closest island to vote for some election day. "Good luck to you anyway."

#### NOVA SCOTIA: BREADED COD TONGUES IN GABARQUE

From Sydney on Cape Breton Island, I drove 30 miles south to the fishing village of Gaborque. It's a scattered settlement of white frame houses strung out along the edge of a bay open directly to the sea and more or less typical of the small villages on the stretch of Nova Scotia coast where I got there. Most houses were long right out to the water like whale skeletons and a gust of wind was blowing. Landing stages were empty and the village seemed deserted. But it turned out everyone was at the grocery store waiting for the mail from Sydney.

I took the whole day talking to fishermen and drinking coffee. Any stereotyped idea I ever had of fishermen was like disappeared as quickly as the coffee. You know the idea: alcoholic fishermen dressed in oilskins selling cod-eyes on a bottle label.

The fishermen of Gaborque are mixed fishermen, like mixed farmers, after lobster, cod, mackerel or whatever there is. One thing they do have in common: all are over 60, some well over 70. Young men of the village all move away to cities to make a better living and these aging men I talked to are probably the last of their kind.

So here's Truman, dark brown face with deep lines carved in it and something in his manner that says he'll always take a chance. In fact, Truman is the only one left with sea tilt out. When the wind cuts down for miles at once, he'll be driving his Cape Breton boat to sea again.

Albert is another 60-year-old. But all these men look 10 or 15 years younger than their age. Albert faces fairly well with his life. He has a modern house, new boat that cost some \$5,000, and a walkie-talkie over which he talks to his wife where wherever they last communicated. Once, when he ran out of gas, the walkie-talkie may have saved his life. Such gadgets are not luxuries among the men who fish the sea-odd Atlantic — merely necessities out of all of them are able to afford.

No, fishermen are not mosquitoes in oilskins, but there is something about all of them. I could try hard to figure out what it is. Maybe a calm and quiet around them. Maybe a sensitivity to the sea itself. They are not associated and associated men and are men generally with their hands. Maybe you can say these fishermen that the father and excitement of verbal fireworks are far children. They are not children and there is a dark courtesy about them. It is for the long haul and has to do with an essential quiet, as if life is more important than the words attempting to describe it.

Before driving back to Sydney, I had to sit down for a meal of breaded cod tongues. They wouldn't allow me to leave the village without having eaten. Now those cod tongues (baked and with a certain amount of sorcery. Breaded, they look like any other food that's breaded, but distinctive in appearance, almost like a small, other codfish beneath the sea. It might have sat at table with a fishy remark and never know it except for the surprised laughter all around me. I ate them anyway, and they were tender and delicious. I had two helpings.

#### NEWFOUNDLAND: SEARCHING FOR VIKINGS IN A CAMPER TRUCK

On the ferry slip at Sydney I watched the big ships leave for Port aux Basques in Newfoundland. No question of my going there this trip. I haven't been there five years ago or so. I had driven my truck down to Newfoundland. We had gone up the Grand Northern Peninsula, stopping overnight in gravel quarries and clearings beside the road, buying cod for 3½ cents a pound and halibut for 10 cents from fishermen, eating roughness from market baskets, myself having an occasional libation of Nordic Scotch to aid digestion. Scotch, by the way, is the local brand of rum, it tastes so bad you can't find any bumps on the road, not paved on that particular route.

The reason for our Newfoundland trip was Vikings. Ten centuries ago they landed at a point near L'Anse aux Meadows on the northern tip of Newfoundland, went through rivers and ice from Greenland in curved longships to the Labrador coast. Maybe it was Leif the Lucky who landed in Newfoundland. Nobody really knows now. A thousand years of Atlantic have intervened. But driving up the wooded sea-level coastal road, my thoughts were full of burned halibut and Vikings drinking mead and yelling about at Beothuk Indians and sailing down the coast in keels and generally making a helluva racket.

Belga (legend), a Norwegian archeologist-explorer, had just finished excavating the site of what might have been Leif the Lucky's settlement. I had wanted to see him. And now the trip remains in my mind as a mixture of roughness and mud, inspired (we had coffee with him) and stomach, Vikings and the dark shadowy faces of Beothuk Indians vanished from earth in the 15th century.

In Newfoundland, there are lakes surrounded by trees surrounded by water surrounded by clouds, places that seem to have been taken out of a peaceful territory of your own mind. But Sydney is the end of the line for me this time. Remains only the helicopter flight back to Montreal by Air Canada and the time running west from there with the rhythm of bare bones on steel. At each time I never fasten there is a point-of-view. There is a kind of joy about both going and coming that seems from walking the map of yourself on paper continents with a 5,000-mile-wide country. Of course it never coincides, all you can do is live at something much larger than yourself, something given and vast, with cities and provinces and people. But I feel lucky that I'm able to try. ■

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BERNARDI (see page 45)

because it is the lead of orchestras for several Haydn's Masses and Beethoven's works, half the size (or considerably less) of such juggernauts as Leonard Bernstein's New York Philharmonic, which can deliver a romantic such as Wagner like an express train coming from a Rocky Mountain tunnel. The NAC orchestra can play some of the Romantic works, too, and works by modern composers, and it does, the important characteristic of a classical orchestra's role is that strong notes and strong ensemble work come right out there for everybody to hear and are not lost in the general din, as they often are with large orchestras. The musicians in Ottawa's orchestra are not only young, they work for an orchestra whose life depends on individual excellence. And they work for Maestro Mario Bernardi, who spent a year with a panel of other adjudicators endorsing hundreds of musicians before he picked them. More than a dozen players are Canadian, who were with European and American orchestras before the NAC auditions began, others came from across the country, more than half the violadists had been concertmasters or principal second violins with other orchestras; they came from the London Symphony, the Royal Philharmonic, the English Chamber Orchestra, the London Mozart Players, from Philadelphia, Israel, The Hague, Montreal, Lacrosse, the Canada Festival Orchestra and the American Symphony Orchestra. Canadian were auditioned first, but excellence was the criterion, happily, there were quite a few excellent Canadian around—including Massimo Mario Bernardi, who "was born in Kirkland Lake and you can't get more Canadian than that."

Maestro is Italian for master, but when Bernstein enters the hall there is no great warring to get ready for the boss, the garlands perish and Bernstein pretends to be a guest, still has the general aspect of a college tutor, with an altar and its honey bees of music notes, hand lingers and tap-dances scattered around. The orchestra's concertmaster and lead violin soloist, Walter Frykowski, gives the musician a task to give him up, and they settle down nearly as one to the business at hand. Bernardi, a compact figure in a worn blue corduroy sweater, brooches it in a bow of brown hair and wears calmly, then sinks at the orchestra.

"We have a great treat in store for us," he tells them. "This girl is great, just great, as you shall see in about 15 minutes." He begins to read out some of his music center during rehearsal with "the girl," the Spanish pianist

Alma De Larracha, who is among other things a sister of the Grand Prix du Disque and the Padriewski Memorial Medal, and is to play the Mozart "Coronation" piano concerto with the orchestra the following evening. The musicians mark their seats as he reads out his notes, singing and humming in the string section to show them what he wants, what she wants, what they and the orchestra will do together. De Larracha, a short, dark, warm woman, enters and is introduced to the orchestra, which applauds politely; they know her work, of course, and she has heard of them (Ottawa's reputation — that is, the quality of the accounts in the Opera, the quality of the orchestra and Bernardi's gifts — have all spread through the continent's international repertoire by way of Bernardi's performance in guest conductor in the United States, and the happy men cannot stay from

"Right notes, please. You'll like this to be like, sort of a little cadenza, a bridge between two ideas."



Ottawa by previous guest artists. Everybody gets down to work.

As studies of his orchestra, Bernardi is no tyrant, he is in command of the orchestra, the music and the inter-pretations of it that he wants, but he is not afraid to try something that may or may not work and knows himself if it doesn't "No, no," he says once, stopping the rehearsal. "I'm sorry, a ludicrous idea. All off, all off. The joke, please." For the next part, it is clear that he needs to show his audience for the task with the orchestra, to have them join with him in making the music work together, as the violin makes her entries he orders peacefully and raises his eyebrows, looking over the musicians with an I-tell-you pleasure all over his face and they are as intent as well-trained students, which of course they are, intent and exhorting whenever glances of approval. They applied the solemn at the end of her rehearsal, expressing their approval by an ensemble beating

of the fact on the floor, a sound as warm as summer rain. Later, De Larracha is approving too. "Very young," she tells the orchestra during the break. "Full of enthusiasm and joy."

Three years ago, when the national music over and Bernstein had rehearsed with his new orchestra for just two weeks, he went on record with his opinion of it, he called it the best orchestra he had ever worked with and potentially one of the greatest musical groups in the world. In 1974, moreover, through his second association with them in the galling frozen of Ottawa's winter, he said, "It wouldn't matter where this orchestra was if it were in Toronto it wouldn't matter. I would still be a conductor." This is not exactly a host's enthusiasm for the home team.

Bernardi was born in Kirkland Lake in 1915, true, the son of an immigrant Italian blacksmith; but his father sent Mario, his brother, sister and mother here to Toronto when the children's schooling. Mario lived with his uncle, a priest (naturally appointed Bishop of Victoria), began studying piano under his direction, and graduated with top honors in piano, organ and composition from the Royal Conservatory at 17, the youngest pupil ever to do so. He returned to Canada to be a scholarship student at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto, made his debut as an opera conductor in Toronto at 27, then returned to England, where he joined Sir John Wood, sharing royalty from opera cash as a conductor to musical director of the company. When he returned to Canada in 1949 to be music director of the NAC, he was with a substantial international reputation, performed both in Europe and North America.

This day, following the departure of the union, Bernardi and the orchestra went together some more, and work is done, if Bernardi is no tyrant he is nonetheless still the Maestro and he will have the music the way he wants it. "Again, please," he says to the strings once. "Right notes, please. You'll like this to be like, sort of a little cadenza really, a bridge between two ideas. Let's try to give it shape." He sings what he wants, and they do it, and he smiles broadly at the end of a passage. "Yes, that's beginning to get there." And again he returns to the violins, the pots of the orchestra, reviewing them separately, his face content with gentle nervous. "That was really quite dreadful," he says, "Is that right? Yes, that's the best word, I think, dreadful. Why do you want to hurt your grand Alma, please?" They take it right. "All right, I'll hire you

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this time." And again: "Are you happy?" he asks *Proserpina*. "Sounded good" and from here he asks *Proserpina* about a moment's consideration. "Sounded pretty good from here, too," calls a blond waitress from the back row, and everybody, Bernardi, breaks up.

Like it is the National Arts Centre is a restaurant called L'Opera, with good food, a little bar, picture windows overlooking a tree-blown terrace and the Rideau Canal beyond, and match folders with a portrait of Mozart in napkins on black. Over a long, long lunch, hours before the orchestra is to open its third season downtown, Bernardi chats about the summer just past, the winter to come; it was a busy summer, conducting a *Bayreuth* German opera in New York, conducting at the Aspen, Colorado, Music Festival, supervising Festival Canada in Ottawa with a rarely successful English-language production of *The Marriage of Figaro*.

"The New Opera House in New York," he says, "has wonderful acoustics but acoustically it's too deep and broad. We really are fortunate to have such a wonderful hall here. *Figaro* was probably the best thing we've ever done here, a labor of love, a talented orchestra, enthusiasm about opera, which few orchestras are. Many orchestras think opera is beneath them."

"Even in London, where you have an audience for opera, they think that ballet is beneath them, and you don't have to know music to hear it." The orchestra's New York debut in mid-winter didn't elicit such an ad-hoc heat many times, after all, and is considered his orchestra. "For Mozart, I can only compare it to what I have heard in New York and, by the way, we got there we should be very better, for neither side they ever hear. The critics, most you, will take our preparation into account and give us — how do you say it? — a handshake. The orchestra is more or less well known, you've seen it grow up, they're far more outgoing. What has not changed is they just get in making music. I'm not just talking — they're outstriking it on that regard. This is something you just can't buy."

Bernardi's conversation is peppered with little questions — is that the right word? how do you say it? — that are apparent holdovers from his first years in Canada as an Italian schoolboy who had to learn English all over again. In fact, he is fluent in the languages of the whole Italian, of course, and French, Spanish and some German) and the questions arise largely as conversational accents part of a wide vocabulary of verbal gesture.

Fluency had general sources as the characteristic of his conducting as well. The opera is just opening, right, the orchestra, to casual or to a herald, is now the penguin act of conductor, almost ludicrously formal in their side and long black dresses, the audience, on the other hand, is wearing everything from long dresses and skirts to minis, dark business suits to belts and boots. Bernardi stands between them in midnight-blue talls, straight up to the well-lit podium, conducting at moments, yet using his whole body like a singer lifting the melody, calling upon a chorus of air that begins at the bulk of the feet allows up, shoulders rising, bending a little to pluck down, sharp notes from the violins with his finger tips and even his eyebrows, nudging an accent from the cello, his brown forelock shining silver under the lights and bouncing naturally with his move-



The orchestra is more sure of itself now when he is making music.

ments, always falling right into place, like the Mozart.

Another success. "They have played a divertimento by the late Proch-Caribbean composer, Pierre Mercure, the Mozart Concerto, Mozart's Symphony No. 36, there are three certain calls for the concerto and in essence for the concert, three curtain calls for the symphony. "In case it has escaped your attention," Bernardi tells the audience, "you're all invited to a party for our second birthday. It's in the lobby right now."

In the lobby, a Canadian winery has set up a giant plastic champagne glass with mechanical bubbles, and white-coated bartenders are pouring the product around; there is a barbeque table, and here for barbeque and, and the fountain is the door to The Prince, and women's committee volunteers selling calendars, and it is put like a club dinner in Vernon or Moose Jaw or Orillia or . . . Ottawa, with the business suits and the long dresses

doing the hot dogs to fill *New York* in Love Again, and serious-looking kids in college dress jackets walking through the crowd and barbed wire counting stacks of dollar bills and looking bored. The younger members of the orchestra string from penguins in winter costumes, expert in so much as all, Bernardi chats with all comers thanks to an American who tells him that after tonight he is looking forward to his two years in Ottawa after all. Mrs. Bernardi, the former Missa Kelly, an attractive blond woman with a career of her own, dances and she breaks a head, drops her shoes in a stand-up subway and goes home barefoot around midnight to cook supper with the Muscats. Most of the crowd has left long before then — "They hang off-service tank," says an official. "See drink and off they go."

The morning after this gala, Ottawa is back at work, showering in the black sunlight at bus stops, and the Muscats and his orchestra are no exception. The amount of time they spend traveling to and from the buses — and planes — might afford an older conductor, confound a larger one. Part of their schedule for existence is the commissioning and performance of Canadian works and another is spending themselves around the countryside, bringing their music not only to such places in Montreal, which is their destination today, but to Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Regina ("truly beautiful concert halls," says Bernardi, "beautiful instruments with nice, clear, but well-coupled sound") and goes west, and to high-school gymnasiums and community halls in such places as Cornwall, Deep River, Sudbury, Elliot Lake, Lindsay, Thunder Bay, for a list that makes them "the musical map of Canada," as Bernardi puts it. Last season they played more concerts on the road than they did in Ottawa; that day, they will hit the road around nine in two buses (one for members, one for nonmembers), arrive in Montreal about noon and check into their hotel, rehearse all afternoon in Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier at Place des Arts, play their concert in the evening, change, and return to Ottawa the same night — or, more accurately, very early the next morning.

Just about the whole family is going to Montreal — there is Ken Murphy, a former cellist with the CBC Winnipeg orchestra and now manager of the WAC orchestra; Hugh Davidson, executive as a composer, 33 years with the CBC as a producer, now the Arts Centre's music administrator, Robert Ouellet, who is second trumpet with the orchestra and also its personnel man-

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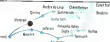
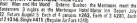
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### BERNARDI continued

ages, speaking for the musicians in organizational matters in Fryskovick does in things around. Mostly a busy concerting head, as he will be several times this day, there appear to be a few coming this morning, including the one belonging to a pretty violent who is due to become a mother sometime soon. Everyone is here to work, but there is an air of assurance about the trip, there are three portraits and bright patches among the girls, instrument cases decorated with flower and happy-face decals, the expectant violinist and her husband, it turns out, have decided to drive down to Montreal, and eventually the buses leave. Bernardi and Odeles in the orchestra's' south discussing what it is to do when the violinist is first "comes to term."

Bernardi reads during the trip, a package about the size of The Godfather — Bach's eighth symphony, actually, which will be part of the evening's program, along with the Mozart concerto and two modern works, the extremely difficult Fantele Concerto Op. 4 Thorne (Or Givell) by the Michael Tippett and a whiffy selective piece called Music For You-covers by the Canadian composer, Bruce Mather. From time to time, he marks his place in his notebook and talks, as always, about music, musicians, and the making of both.

"I really am not moved to compose," he says, responding to a remark about Leonard Bernstein's then-recent valedictory address to the Mass in Washington, D.C. "Personally, I went through competitive classes in Italy, passed the exams with honors and so on, but I would never, never . . ."

"We're a long way from the days of Rosen and Passer, who kept turning them out, once every couple of weeks, now it's quite a different matter, more and more complicated. Last alone electronic music, there are all the innovations to consider — Schoenberg, Debussy, even Wagner . . . you just can't go back."

"What's for a week-end concert such as Dancin'?" The buses have arrived in Montreal, where the musicians' scores are ready and waiting, thanks to Murphy, the kept waiting. Tipped with their concert, there are several others for Bernardi's delicious proposition, but first there are the arrangements to be looked after like dear — and very expensive — children. "Aside from the fact that some of them have married their lives," Bernardi says, "most of them own their own instruments, one of our cellists sold his farm and bought himself a Guadagnoli."

Despite the fact that one bus doesn't

show up until after lunch — "It's the bus drivers who're the great donors, but we," says a musician — and the fact that the concert grand provided for Alicia de Larrocha in "a case of women," the rehearsal is tolerable and goes well, with Bernardi choosing Davidson around the 1,000-seat Salle Wilfrid-Hellier to make sure the acoustics of the symphony is clear anywhere in the house. "A super conductor," Davidson whippers as the orchestra rehearses. "He really loves his business — marcelles, marcelles, marcelles. Everything as clear and precise. I don't know if Marie would appreciate this, but he reminds me a bit of Beethoven in a way — tremendous precision and punch . . ."

The Tippett is a very, very difficult piece. The Baton Symphony is just — lovely — but the taking of it, even they don't dare . . . The only word in English for this orchestra is 'bliss,' call it 'edginess,' and it's remarkable in only three years."

"Delicious, just delicious," murmurs a Montreal musician at the concert that night. It is not a full house, and it is a critical one — perhaps a third of the Montreal Symphony is in the audience — and afflicted with legions of urgency, holding in dismay for the parking lot after a suitable interval of applause. But the reception is warm, and the reviews that follow it will be good again.

Bernardi does not return to Ottawa with the orchestra; he is off to New York for another performance of Bernstein's Albert Herring, while they're a long weekend before picking up the day-to-day pattern of rehearsal, travel and performance that will ultimately take them all to New York for the first time, then to Europe. The New York Times has already made the trip north to hear them, and declared that "Bernardi is a first-rate conductor, and he has a crack ensemble to work with." That was a couple of years ago, and the banders, as Bernardi knows, will have been by now, and so one will care much whether they are the best orchestra in Canada or not, far from champagne gins that begin to rise out of them long before tonight. But clearly the orchestra has been busy, busy, as all the evidence there is no reason to doubt. Member Bernardi of Kirkland Lake and his intention that by the time his little classical orchestra from the suburban number village gets to New York they should be far better than New York ever has. More incredible by far, perhaps, is that what New York should had exceptional, Ottawa, Sudbury and Thunder Bay have come to expect as a matter of course.

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**BIG TOWN** (from page 29)  
having to kill someone every day. And while I was composing poems about noble Monarchs in the Aquapolis Valley, he was getting his head locked in by cops and subways in the middle of the civil rights movement in Atlanta, Georgia. I've never seen a man killed, but he has. I can go home for Christmas, but he can't.

The first time we met we pushed the conversation around like a piece of pipe. (We pushed it around the paintings and posters, the furniture, the bookshelf, and then it took off.) We spent the rest of the evening chasing it under the carpet, along the ceiling and through each other's very intense assumed positions.) By three in the morning the knees were wobbly out of the pain of our breath, so our conversations split up and went home, to continue itself in my sleep. Our words were about Canada. They went something like this:

**SAM:** Toronto sure is a nice town.

**ME:** All the Canada photos from Toronto are carefully framed to be condescending in a minimum of two languages.

**SAM:** Even the hamburgers taste better here.

**ME:** Toronto has bad breath. And the drinking water is terrible here.

**SAM:** Only 37 more months and I'll be a Canadian citizen! What'd ya think about that? Maybe I can get a job with the CBC.

**ME:** Toronto's idea of Canada is about as real as a TV commercial. The one that shows how the phosphate removes the dirt.

**SAM:** The cops are so friendly here! And I'll never get over those yellow cars they drive.

**ME:** The trouble with Toronto is that it doesn't know how to thank Western Bay, Atlantic Canada, Northern Fur, the Quebec Enrich, or Pacific Specific. It's just Toronto, and that's what's wrong with it.

**SAM:** State of mind has to take precedence over physical events.

**CANADA:** There she stands, folks, in the basic black of night. Her body is her burgeoning position.

**TORONTO:** Failure to the end, typography is a new white dress designed by silence.

**EVERYBODY:** Blame it on Toronto!

Then I had my first cup of Sam's  
continued on page 66

In the beginning...the earth, the sun and the rain



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## JORDAN WINES

seaside me, which his mother still sends him in root form from Appleton, Kentucky. He was offended by about it is the way good people usually are, when they're sharing something they're dug-downs important. (Like the sometimes when Beverly and I sit cross-legged on the grass across from each other in Queen's Park on University Avenue, and we turn sideways always that just big enough to hold in your two fingers, carefully. Or when part of you goes away and never comes back again, like a heartless.) The subway is the heartbeat of Toronto. It mainly runs away from the sun all day, every day, and never, on the ground in your City Hall mind. But down by Union Station it sways up to the left, and if you're quietly sitting cross-legged across from someone on the Queen's Park grass you can hear the train rattling across there, under the downtown concrete ground.) But just because you have your own subway, you shouldn't pretend you have your own underground.

**EVERYBODY:** First it's a matter of who can stay in cars, when you're alone and you're watching in the dark.

**ME:** You still don't understand about Canada yet, Sam. I mean, we really are different here.

**SAM:** Yeah, the Canadian government plays around with unemployment statistics the same way the American government plays around with Vietnam casualty lists.

**ME:** But maybe Canada believes in itself, while the States don't.

**SAM:** The talking typewriter costs \$40,000 (U.S.) and was invented by Oscar Klavinsky Moore, a Canadian.

**ME:** Are came on, Sam. We're a physically weak nation in the middle of a strong argument. And the apartment's about men or we know him, and his father. And all that here and now. And our position is based on the possibility that human ideas are part of our national sexual resources.

**SAM:** Thank you, Laura Rial. Meant while it's as if America has sucked up all her "add-onness" ideas in the radio client of Canada, and left it up to us to do them. But not around her, please, because she has this allergy to history.

**ME:** Thank you, Laura. Second.

**AMERICA:** The only people left who still believe in the American Dream are New York insurance men.

performing nudists and Canadians

**CANADA:** Torontonians, you know!

**SAM:** Do it!

**ME:** Were we all, darling people instead of ballet.

**EVERYBODY:** It's so frustrating, being Canadian!

The guy on the radio last week had something to do with it. He said the population of Greater Metropolitan Toronto ("North America's Future Growing City") would be 6.3 million by the year 1990. And then he went on about the place as if it had a corner outside the individual people who are living here. He didn't say anything about how we're going to have to get ourselves through 1984 before we get to 1990. And I couldn't argue back. It's like it's time you started figuring out what all these facts we're being told

"Toronto's highways have paper-thin walls, waiting rooms no one waits in, broken-down wireless dryers, no children, no children, no children."



hard with mass in terms of how much of us wants to live. I think it's time we made friends with our Toronto jobs, and vice versa. It's not enough just to plant them around your summer cottages on weekends to stay sane.

Although Toronto has more per capita homeowners than any other North American city, more than half the people here are in spirit renters. Most of these are hapless. They have dry balconies, garages that from a distance look like chest-of-drawers brofies. They also have paper-thin walls, waiting rooms as one waits in broken-down wireless dryers, no children, no children. Big Brother synapses, and they're built for New Torontonians, careers who've come to the Big City to confront the Beast in its lair. At Christmas time, lights string porches into of New lights along their bulb-cord railings, and there a further distance a new apartment block looks a

lot like a thinking computer block. "Mas is a highly servicable animal," but nobody ever has about being lonely.

Our apartment is different. It has character. It tries to compensate for the world. It is very lonely. It's got lots of passing rooms and some days I drive faster, our landlord, crazy when he's doing deluxe work. Like today. He stop right as well he called The Truth of North Optical Company ("Better Vision While U Wait"), because it represents a good, small business and the way people near here need the guy who mass it. The neighborhood is made up of Italian, German, Ukrainian, Chinese, Greek, Portuguese and Austrian Canadians, the kind of people who only buy stuff when the shopkeepers are as friendly as their pricing prices. (There are more Italians in Toronto than there are in Florence.) I mean, guess a lot, whether he's wearing his white coat or not. He's scruffy, but his heart is under 30. He's also fat, bald, and has beautiful thin hands, a surprise. When I go down to see him in a routine, about the hell, look, there are two versions of what can happen. At one time.

Earlier. He tells me about how he flew one of the six B-29 Superfortresses from southern France early in 1942 and dropped leaflets about Nazi kinds of things on New York City, his being one of three planes that made it back on return from of glee without crashing into the ocean. "Toronto," he tells me, "is a lot different from New York. But I haven't been back since I have been here almost 20 years now. Boston, on the other hand, back home in Germany, I have been back there it is something else, yep." (A gas.) "Ah, I have been back there several times since with my wife, Hilde. We have a friend there, a Dr. Flak, who runs the Polizeikraft Kennel, the finest German shepherd dogs in the world, all Axel and Rolf bloodlines. Good dogs, the finest of the breed. If you ever want a good dog I will write him and maybe all of us can arrange something very special, yep." (Another gas.) "As it is something else again. I don't like these kids with the flaps on their jacket walking around on the street today. It reminds me of something I think all the flaps in the world should be used to build a big bonfire with, and then maybe people would be friendlier and less such other, like Canadians."

Or. He explains why homes can't see very well after dark and I tell him Jews are the only who watch in this country that'll ever stare a house

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### THIR TOWN

you could see, they all worked on TV and so knew each other intimately. ("Good afternoon, boys and girls, welcome back to the smoked outside.") And they all talked fast about how they missed rare Canadian drama anyone else. Even you. Because they weren't part of you, like the Leafs. You cheered for the Canadians.

The smokers feed each other and grow. And here I am, remembering like an old man in my writing room near the optical shop. I flash off the lens of a smoke and stare out the window beside me, through the 23 electric fans, at what's left of the day. Toronto, I think, is like a great big spider web. I've counted those last may never. I remind what I've written so far, pick the constants out of my teeth with the tip of my tongue.

Outside there, the city waits. For what? And then an image hits me, like the beginning of a miracle: Hundreds of thousands of people enter in the Saturday morning sky, like the explosion of birds' wings. Maybe even millions of 'em. Certainly every kid in Toronto is out there — in school yards, parks, playgrounds, apartment balconies, and in all the hills in all the fields around, because it's about the first day of spring. And because kite flying is a lot like fishing, each kid has a good mile of 10-pined tent when line stretching from his house-made kite up there on down to the vert in his hands, which he's fixed over the bottom half of an old net. And everybody in the whole city is slowly letting out a hole more live in his or her mind. And everybody in the whole country is waiting, in the name of all this in natural and real, for Toronto to decide whether it's going to be the home of city people and steady trees or the laboratory of study people and money trees.

And just when I'm getting the plot to the point where all the kids about "Hedgehog, Hedgehog, away" and out their little lives, there's a terrible kid, fella downstairs.

There's only one person I know who seems like that, coming home like a ferry docking, a jet taking off, and a subway stopping, all in the same time. It's Beverly, boyce and all.

"Well," she says, clanking up the stairs with a huge grocery bag, asking it safely on the hill table, and bending in love with her coat still on, "did you solve the world's problems, finish off your world, and remember to sit back, all in the one day?"

"No," I say, clanking into a suppersize grin, "but I fixed the hill clock." ■

### THIR TOWN

from page 13  
ethnic street festivals all summer long now, booming upon suburban cities, outdoor drinking and dancing in the streets. WELCOME VISITORS upon us everywhere and clean-cut uniformed young police give the traffic on intersections to wait the tourist from one roadside wonder to the next.

On the TV screens of southern American cities, color commentators of a dimension perhaps unimagined since the demise of marbledon cigarettes advertising solemn Americans in their helms, and, suddenly, that they can have "a love affair with Toronto."

"Toronto... affectionately yours" is the epithet of the campaign, the inspiring child of the Caravans and Toronto Bureau of Metropolitan Toronto, and a heading heart, of the sort normally worn on the sleeve, is its symbol. "Start a love affair," the banner urges, "with capitalizing Toronto."

"Look up Tall buildings. A mixture of very old and challenging new. Many happy faces. Entertainment? Just try counting all the skyscrapers. The really big ones are in town. Plus everything from Chicago to Guatemala. You're on a fantastic bus now. Call her Too-On. Enjoy her carpooling night and day without worry. Crystal lakes and looping lines are only moments away on great 12-lane highways."

"Just another big city? We don't think so. Try us. But careful. You could lose your heart."

What more is there to be said? Experts in other states say that there is a great deal more to be said — that Toronto's very something after genius, in Babylon dream of tall buildings and fine, broad roads will destroy the comfortable city of status neighborhoods that have made it the dream city of the middle class. Everybody knows what happened when the province tried to carry her innocuous teeth from Shogun's into the real world, she fell all in pieces in the back of the bus. Even more, residents associations and City Hall as always, seeking to halt the march of highways and expressways on their old neighborhoods of brick houses and shade trees. A major expressway program has been failed, but the most deeply controversial of city house-erect politicians dominated daily to revive it, and still the highways march on, still the tourists in their millions flock to see the clean, booming metropolis of the pretty pictures — and how long was it? How long before the Too-On borders have been so far as an old stuffed shirt to a new one as just another old jule, so longer affectionately theirs, but just damn? ■

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CHEZ US

THE HUNTER PAGES of a geologist in Montserrat, one night during the recent holidays, were cosily asked. The man, who was indulging in too much merrymaking, stopped as at the office of the local RCMP and leaning on the counter asked the officer for "One hamburger and a cup of coffee please!"

The armed officer soon discovered that his "customer" rather than he was in the wrong place that could park his car too well. The would-be customer at his home is purveyor of the "services" within had driven his car onto the lawn and left his engine running. The officer introduced his customer to the neighborhood members and he was duly charmed.

It is not known whether the motorist ever got his hamburger, but it is a fact that the accident cost him \$100 and costs more than 100 lives.

THE QUARTER Challenge

MINNIE GAUTHIER, former mother of Hull and the man who outbroke Sir Wilfrid Laurier, died Thursday morning at 83—THE OREGON JOURNAL.

A 35-YEAR-OLD WOMAN WAS FINED \$100 for straddling a customs officer at the Windsor-Detroit tunnel. Dodge Gordon Stewart said if the accused wasn't a woman, he'd have sent her to jail.

The incident may be on his way out of Canadian society. A report tabled at the 51st annual meeting of the Association of Professional Engineers of Nova Scotia suggests the event be changed to "Inquest."

The report by M. I. E. Sheriff, F.R.S., chairman of the public relations committee, and an analysis by the committee showed a serious drop in the engineer's assessment of his worth to society and the public acknowledgment of the place of the engineer in society.

"To attack this problem," said the report, "we reached back to the origins of the engineering profession and suggested that a name change be initiated. The change would take the form of the word 'ingenieur,' deriving from 'ingenior,' a product of genius."

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, Monday

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OUR TOWN from page 31

who became Ambassador to Uruguay, spent eight months in guerrilla captivity and then was rewarded for his sangfroid with a knighthood.

Camaro consists of similar conscripts who net sick so high among Toronto's dysprosians as the Canadian-born honoree consuls, who enjoy the security of their consular status, to be able to do this. The man who makes money in this, secretarial assistance, office space and contributing to serve as an unpaid dysprosian. Below appearing the post of honorary consul for The Lebanon, as Arab country, J. K. Abraham, a Toronto resident, millionaire, and a dysprosian, is the man who has been considered hostile on the part of valued Jewish customers. Abraham, who is of Christian-Lebanese descent, took the risk and lost nothing. He protects his business and the country he represents with religion and for the dysprosians. He is a lucky man.

A person of overseas birth, aspiring to a place in Toronto society, still derives some advantage from being British and fairly well off.

Henry Burroughs, a stockbroker whose wife Edna owned the old English-type Olean Inn at Niagara-on-the-Lake, is popular because he is a "gentleman" who is not a "gentleman" (ironic), who once handicapped himself socially by affecting an over-campy, scoffing, big-eyed air of incredulity in the presence of supposed "lower orders," in David S. Shields' *Henry Burroughs: A Gentleman's Boy*. When he first came to Canada Scott-Athians even wore a monocle for reading. On discovering that this knowledge indicated to the point of (spoiler) the Torontonians he possessed a "gentlemanly" air, he quickly abandoned it. Toronto society soon discovered that Scott-Athians, in spite of his arrogant affectations, is in reality a man of great substance and brilliant wit, a member who has been up gifts of hushers when he was a boy.

One of South Africa's crown jewels, British immigrant, Peter Swana, director of the Royal Ontario Museum, Swana runs a moonlight brochure club whose 21 members are reputed to be outstanding conversationalists. A little more august, perhaps, is John Crowley Lockwood, president of Lesser Brothers Ltd., who with his wife Margaret will, in a leading pattern of the performing arts and a celebrated collector of paintings. An even more illustrious British arrival to Toronto society is John A. Worsley, an investment dealer and owner of an ancient, Yorkshire family Worsley's wife, Katherine, is married to the Duke of Kent and is therefore the

mother of children of great Hindu

The Tautoustone with the most royal blood of England is the co-owner of a horse named *hermion-curren* Lady Irm Muenchhausen-Kerry, a cousin of the Queen. A few years ago, Lady Irm, a tall dark beauty, married a Canadian rodeo star and executive and divorced him some weeks later. Although the seeds her children of an earlier marriage to join elite schools in England, Lady Irm has settled in Toronto because she "adores it." At a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria Lady Irm's exile to Toronto society is

There was a time when the exclusion of Jews from Toronto streets was equally *racist*. Now racism is the least of the problems that the city's Jewish community faces. Gentle giants Sydney Herman, owner of an optical company, a graduate of a private school, and an enthusiastic participant in the highly approved game of amateur tennis and cricket, has even been mentioned as a possible Governor General of Canada. Meyer, a well-known cartoonist and sculptor wife, Anne, are the millionaires who own Montreal's E.B.'s department store, a unique application of their love for the retail trade. Today they are housed in Toronto society because they bought and preserved the late old Royal Alexandra Theatre when it was in danger

Ben Ziskindman, a World War I officer with an heroic combat record in the Canadian army, and a no less brilliant record in the Zionist army that accelerated the establishment of Israel, deeply impressed Toronto audiences when he gave up a good job in the family firm, Tip Top Tailors, to open one of the most sophisticated art galleries in the city. Two Jewish widows, Mrs. Eugene Finkel and Mrs. Gertrude Allen, are promoters of little musical troupes, tournaments, theatrical farces, nights and musical charity parties.

But not one of the foregoing Times totemists enjoys to watch tourists in society at the highly paid, Canadian-born, Gentile executives and their made radioless who participate in cultural life: I write of such people in Lucille and Karl Scott (Ford cars and show-ring hunters), Rosemary and Charles Rathbun (contractors, rowing cars and ballooning and bygone imagery), Jerome and John Perkins (real-estate), and Robert and Mary (theater). I mention the Rosemary and Robert Chodpols (rags, rumpkins, symphony concerts, art collections and social life in Rome), Helen and Paul Phelan (evolution of string, travel, sighting), Margaret and R. W. Finlayson (imports, a

continued on page 3

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## OUR TOWN continues

collections, horticulture and haute cuisine), Elizabeth and Brigadier W. Gordon Gilchrist (immersion, people classes, fishing, travel), Frances and William D. Hatch (necrology, yacht- ing, oceanography), Helen and St. Clair Bellair (Southern newspapers, theatre, naval officers and musical chairs), and Mary and G. E. Bennett (Gossamer Ladies, ballet, horticulture).

Feather links between the artists and the moneyed establishment are Floyd Chalmers, chancellor of York University, Jack McClelland, publisher, and John Bassett, until recently owner of the Toronto Telegram. Chalmers is the most admired because he has given hundreds of thousands of dollars to the performing arts. McClelland is the most popular because he is the most universal and gregarious. Bassett is the most feared because he doesn't seem to give a damn what people think of him. Bassett's events, in stronger measure than his peers, a characteristic of men in Toronto society, are indulgent not at luncheons with persons of dinner wit.

Once, Bassett, driving a friend to the Stratford Shakespeare Festival via the back roads, lost his way. He was a former in a field. Bassett stopped his Rolls-Royce and asked, "Are we okay for Stratford?" The former scratched his head. Bassett said, "Well, whereabouts are we now?" The former confused to panic, "Good God, man," yelled Bassett, "don't you know where you live?" The former replied: "I might not know enough to answer all your questions as quick as you ask them, Mr. Bassett, but I know enough not to get lost."

Having written up to this level of Toronto society the performer presently would shrink from any further goings-on. But I say without a blush that here the officers of the four most prestigious militia regiments, the Governor General's Horse Guards, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, the 46th Highlanders of Canada and the Royal Regiment of Canada, fit into place.

In Canada, as in Britain, the cavalry takes precedence over the infantry, and in the infantry the black-buttoned rifle regiments take precedence over the light infantry and the officers of the line. So as Honorary Lieut-Colonel of the GCHQ, John W. Graham, QC, is the summer soldier with the most "quill" immediately behind him, were they to stand in line to raise the Queen, would be J. G. K. Strachy, OBE, ED, CD, an insurance dealer and Colonel of the Regiment, QORR.

As he ascends higher still in Toronto social life, the person begins to shiver. A life is the shell of spinning stars. Now he is at the altitude of the formidable 10th, the tiers to old family fortunes.

The boys tend to be educated at Upper Canada College, Trinity College School, Ridley, St. Andrew's, Appleby, University of Toronto Schools and St. Michael's, and the girls at Bishop Strachan School, Huronville College, Branksome Hall, St. Clare's and Lenox. From their teens onward, the youngsters who have sharpened up Publican from the harshest silver spoon, enjoy the privilege of membership in two family recreational institutions known as the Britannia and Racquet Club and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. These specified from higher strata must content themselves with the less distinguished Toronto Cricket, Skating and Curling Club and the Granite Club. It is possible in Toronto society to be a member of neither family club, the Island Rockwood Club, without suffering such mere humiliation that the hero of a compassion is ample.

Of the colleges at the University of Toronto, the one socializer finer than is Trinity, which is Anglican. As in most other cities of the old British Empire the leading citizens are Anglicans. But in Toronto society there is a larger percentage than elsewhere of United churchmen, citizens descended from the Presbyterians of Scotland and the Wesleyans and Methodists of Northern England.

At university, students from Toronto society are expected to get over the first excitement of drinking and to learn to carry their liquor in the Zeta Psi fraternity, unofficially known as "the drunken Zetas." On graduation these young bucks go into the family business or into associated ventures run by relatives and friends, so that as early vice-presidential positions a success. Every major industry is represented in Toronto society. Stockholding and the law dominate it. Society does not frown upon the man who succeeds by shrewd, unselfish, diligent, talent or adroitness. It looks upon him with admiration, but not with any desire to emulate him. Toronto society believes that a man who must work hard to keep up appearances is not at all the same ilk as the man who lives largely on his dividends. He is not free to sip off for a month to Palm Beach, London, Cape Town or Hong Kong, not free to ride to hounds or sail a yacht on weekends. He is forever worried about what is going on at the office and therefore is less relaxed and re-

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# WHEN YOU'RE SMILING CALL FOR 'LABATT'S BLUE'



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gating than the case who merely pops into his office for a couple of hours two or three times a week.

Sooner or later youngsters at this level of society find a haven to one of the gentlemen's clubs which, with any notation of breeding, I bet again is rife of snobism. Toronto, York, Ontario, National. Some of these youngsters will also become members of the Jockey Club at Woodbine racetrack, of the Toronto and North York or Eglington Hunt Clubs, of the Mount Royal Club in Montreal, of Buck's, Whin's or the Turf in London, and of

the Everglades or Seascloot Club, Palm Beach. Clubs of this order provide their members with a haven from job hunters, suckers of capital, politicians for donors, sponsors and other lobbyists. Members take heed to the club not merely to make deals but to avoid the unpleasant. They go to restaurants only with great reluctance. Leading men in Toronto have restaurants known as "secret" or "green-out." As often as not the male world will go home for luncheon and eat returns to his office. A proper Toronto society home should have at

least four bedrooms and three bathrooms, and be of stone or brick in Georgian, Colonial, Regency or early Victorian style. Houses should be located in Rosedale, Forest Hill, York Mills or Bayview but downtown two houses, rebuilt old stone dwellings, may be acceptable. Preferred furnishings are English Queen Anne, Regency, Adams, Chippendale and Sheraton, or French Louis XV, Louis XVI, Directoire or Empire. As odd pieces, Spanish, Italian or Chinese taster, be intended. Color motifs should be beige, champagne and gold. Paintings and drawings should be Old Masters, old portraits by non-Masters, Impressionist school and Representational work by Contemporary Artists commanding high fees. Abstract art is considered risky. White boyie furniture and objects d'art Toronto society asks itself: "Will the room become more valuable every year?" Most Toronto societies' homes appear to the outsider to be identical, the difference being a reproduction in miniature of the atmosphere of Buckingham Palace.

The distinctions of these congenial and commodious residences are encouraged by their husbands to take all the glory as the young columns. The husbands pretend to only a perfunctory or benevolent interest in the social merry-go-round though secretly they appreciate the publicity given to business interests by their wives' activities as hostesses. Thus Mrs. Yip or Mrs. Chai frequently is more familiar by name to the general public than her husband.

Group writers are accustomed to naming an organization of charity first night such women as Minnie Hurdle, Constance H., Patrick Connel, Charles Lager, Graham Moore, Robert Maczuga, John War, Arthur H. West, Michael O'Brien, Neil J. McKinnon, John Terry, David Kinnear, Alan MacLennan, Jack Seaton, Fred Gaby, Joe Rogers, George Ma, Leonard Luthers and Michael Taylor. The most celebrated organizer of first nights, before her advertising executive husband died last year, was Mrs. George McKinnon.

The wealthy professional writer who crosses the invisible influence on Toronto society is Zora Cherry, a columnist for the Globe and Mail. As the daughter of a successful medical doctor and the wife of W. Wincent Cherry, a magazine in the consumer industry, Mrs. Cherry is of society other due to her observer. Her expressive social connections enable her to scoop regularly the group writers of other newspapers with stories about impending weddings, parties, parties and balls.



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It's a big step in any family's life pattern and the young fry aren't the only ones affected by such an upheaval. Allied can get you off to a good start, suggest how to involve each member of the household in this exciting experience and set you straight on the details of cost. Extra options make expenses run up and, when the whole deal is laid right on the line, you'll realize that honestly it's the expert service you get from Allied which means true value for

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MORE CANADIANS  
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THAN ANY OTHER



## "We thought we were in a peaceful village until we realized we were being stalked by the primitive Mudmen of New Guinea!"

1 "Anna and I always wanted to visit a tribe of Mudmen so we are of their Sing Sing are movies." George Mayhew tells us "Our guide, Peter Butler, refused to tell us exactly what the ceremony entailed, public before the suspense a little. But we got more than we bargained for. We followed the

Assau River into the New Guinea province to a village where it was rumored there might be a Sing Sing. Sure enough. There were only women and children in the place. Peter said the annual festival in the jungle, preparing for the ceremony and went to see for them. Anne and I waited near the village.



2 Suddenly a lone warrior appeared out of the brush and should slowly down us. My first hotel on the way to the Sing Sing and Ann. But then I realized that we were being stalked by at least thirty warriors from the Sing Sing. They approached us slowly, carrying spears in a kind of menacing slow motion dance. When I was certain we were alone, I reached for my binoculars and the whole impossible thing. The Mudmen are highly unpredictable and even Peter became concerned.



3 Peter showed us the Mudmen to also looking at us and tried to tell us with a smile in his hand. We found out that this striking Sing Sing "dance" was a punishment for a legendary tribal battle which their ancestors won by defeating their enemies. Looking at the Mudmen we could understand how

4 "Back at the hotel our hotel service was a waitress who, and we couldn't stop talking about our adventure with the Mudmen. Even more hilarious was the sight of Canadian Club." Smoother as the wind blew the champagne. Finally the laughter. It's the whiskey that is right enough. The women get hot enough for me. It's the whiskey that is "The Best in the House" in all lands.



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## OUR TOWN

The John A. McDougall and the Churchill Masses, with the E. P. Taylor and the J. Harold Craig, are the high paragons of Toronto's horse and estate set and therefore near the apex of society.

At Grass Meadows, his 220-acre farm within the limits of Metropolitan Toronto, "Red" McDougall, who is reputed to be worth more than \$200 million, has played host to the Duke of Edinburgh. There he breeds thoroughbreds.

At his View Hallie Farm in King Township, C. Churchill Mass, once the owner of John's Hill, now the property of Murray Koffler, breeds such magnificent hunters that for years his were the only owners used by the Canadian Equine Association. Churchill Mass also breeds Aberdeen Angus cattle.

At his former farm Windfields, E. P. Taylor (who now spends part of his time in Northern Ireland) bred Dracott. At Taylor's present farm, the Niagara Stud, near Oshawa, Northern Dancer bred Nijinsky, winner of the Triple Crown of English racing (the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger) in 1970 and one of the greatest racehorses the world has ever known.

At Glenville Farms, Newmarket, J. Harold Craig breeds Gossamer duty colts and sows a profit from their work. On the morning after the Eglington and North York Hunt Ball, Craig opens his lands to the revellers, who charge directly from evening dress into hunting jacks and ride to hounds. Last November I was a guest at the Craig farm when 25 ready men and women came back from the field and traoped into the beautiful old house, pink checked and embroidered, for a hunt breakfast, while servants outside tossed steaming horses into man. In an abundance of roaring jet fairs, piled with oil paintings, crystal, silver, whiskey and roast ome, the scene suggested an interior from a collection of 18th-century English sporting prints.

Among the honorees were 11-year-old Clifford Atkins, the newspaper publisher, and his son Michael, Canada's leading polo player. One of the great horsemen was Mrs. John Adair, who rides Highland Wadding, a hunter that was England's Grand National in 1966 for her father, the famous E. P. W. Burns. Of well-known families of gentleman farmers, families named Knigh, Gode, Baker, Gayford, Dunslop, Cadbury, Elton, Southern, Buxley, McGovern and Stuart, there were several representatives. The guests of honor were Lord and Lady Somerslayton, judges of hunters from England.

That night most of the guests

would go back to Toronto for the final events of the Royal Horse Show at the Royal Winter Fair, the annual sale of Canada's finest approximations to a landed aristocracy.

On such of the night nights of the show, most of which have been held for generations by leading families, are full of men in white ties, top hats, decorations, and the tailed, formal, uniform coats of different hems, and of women in long gowns, mist swans and pearls. Through the years composed of smells from tobacco, dung, leather and sweat drifts an occasional heady whiff of Guerlain, Rochas or Chanel. A military band plays consists of brass and, on occasional evenings, martial music. Then, each on his own evening, the Governor General or the Lieutenant-Governor arrives, the farmer in a four-horse carriage, with a mounted escort of his own horse guards wearing plumed silver helmets and brown plates and carrying lances tipped with fluttering pennants. As God Save The Queen is played, one hears Americans grunting and Canadians saying devoutly "Thank God we're a minority."

Even the smells that don't care much for horses around the fair on at least one night, and these include the George Brown and Donald Early and his wife, Mary, who is one of Canada's richest women and most elegant hostesses. Mary Early, whose money comes from oil, usually every other woman in Toronto society at organizing fund-raising parties, has her instructions being the Royal Ontario Museum and the Canadian Mineral Health Association.

Mrs. Early's parties are so large and sumptuous that intervals of two or three years must elapse between each one as a guard against inflation. Her last big party was the European Ball at the Royal Ontario Museum for that institution's Acquisition Fund. Tickets were \$50 per person. There are tentative plans for a Diamond Jubilee Ball, to celebrate the R.O.M.'s 50th anniversary next fall, tickets for which will cost \$100 a couple.

The most frequent occasion made about Mary Early is that "she gets everybody working." Once, the premier of Ontario, Wilfrid Davis, went with his wife to Florida, determined to enjoy a rest. By chance the Davis couple met the Earlys, who persuaded them to spend a few days at the Early house in Polar Beach.

On the morning of the first day at the Early house the Davises found themselves working. Suddenly realizing that he was being deprived of

# make it with Gilbey's the tall 'n' frosty one



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## OUR TOWN

his erst Dames cried to his wife: "What the hell are we supposed to be doing?" Mrs. Eason said: "We're outgrowing Mary Earle's class."

Even though it is ill-mannered of me to raise the matter, I must point out that Mrs. Earle is employed as social emcee by Mrs. John David (Smyr) Eason, whose husband, the department store owner, is one of the richest men in earth.

Mrs. Eason is the most snobbishstains paragon of the arts in Toronto society. She is a witty, sensitive about who and what she supports. It is well known, however, that she abandoned Roloff Bay as his production of the Canadian Centennial book *To Every Thing There Is A Season*. She also rejects soapbox orators, carried by the blind Falcons and/or Tullik. Last fall Mrs. Eason occurred some surprise by openly participating in the organization of an exhibition of jewelry at the Art Gallery of Ontario and showing herself to be photographed making one of the pieces. Usually she dodges photographers.

Grace is manner and quiet of speech, Mrs. Eason frequently joins uninvited at parties by persons who are unacquainted with her. Some guests who recognize her hover about her in the hope of getting an introduction.

About Mrs. Eason there is always a certain silent hush, an aura of reverence, a depth of homage accorded elsewhere only to royalty. Signy Eason is the unwelcome queen of Canada.

Because I know all these things about Toronto society I constantly am accused of being a snob, especially by writers and theatrical performers who have made thousands out of praising the benefits and virtues of the gliding masses.

When the Toronto Telegrams listed, one of the scandal sheets—I forget whether it was *Pink*, *Wink* or *Plink*—ended: "Now the sub-editor McKenna Porter will have to go back into his father's business, a fish-and-chip shop in the slums of Manchester!"

I have never been quite so snobbish as the writer of this item, who implies that some social stigma is attached to selling fish and chips in the slums of Manchester. I see no difference in principle between selling fish and chips in the slums of Manchester and selling lobster in Eason's Hudson Shop, Toronto.

Although I eat fish and chips I prefer lobster, and hence has a further explanation of my not for social climbing. I am so firm a social climber that any other premise, though I have never gone quite so far as my endeavor as the oranges, which imperiously picks the suit out of its leader's stomach.

For reasons that are not clear to me it is considered bad manners to confide in social climbing. It is considered equally unbecoming to be candid about one's beams as I am candid about mine. The Military Cross in World War II and about being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts. I wrote the letters M.C. and F.R.S. after my name (respectively, because they prove that even if I am not quite a gentleman I am at least an officer and a scholar. And even though I may not have attained the gentleman's status, I have to date lived a rich and complete and exceedingly elegant life. It is because of this life, reader, that my generosity moves me to give you this gradually certain tip that will make you more like me.

So pay attention: Dress soberly and expensively. Be nice with subtlety. Speak firmly and clearly. Never tremble. Be light-hearted and quick to laugh. Listen attentively to other speakers and butt in only when you have something compelling to say. Flatter other speakers by asking them questions that prolong their own line of talk. Never be pushy for introductions. Introduce important strangers by catching their eye for a moment and smiling courteously. Do not be afraid to say: "I'm sorry I didn't catch your name." Never try to assess a person's status by asking him where he lives. Never talk about yourself until you are invited to do so with questions. Never drop names. Never gossip about anybody who is unknown to one or more persons in your immediate group. Never talk about children, travel, business or business unless somebody else opens the topic. Offer to work, if a suitable opening occurs, for cultural or charitable institutions. Buy all the tickets you can afford for great society gatherings.

Do not feel ashamed of social climbing or attempt to conceal such aspirations. You are a private. ■



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### NEW TAXES from page 42

you sell for \$2,000, you have a capital gain. However, the tax man will "discount," as he calls it, that the net has been \$1,000, so you then have a gain of \$1,000. Under the general rules for capital gains, half of this (\$500) has to be added to your income and will be taxed. On the other hand, if your hobby is making things — weaving baskets, for instance — you treat it just like a little business; the difference between your receipts and your costs is income and will be taxed in full.

has already \$15,000 of taxable income, his \$1,400 interest will be taxed at, say, 45%. If he takes the \$20,000 and buys a small duplex, paying \$60,000 for it and gets a mortgage for \$40,000 (which is normal mortgage lending practice), his position will be a lot different. Assume the rents from the duplex bring in \$6,000 a year (\$320 a month for each unit). He deducts interest on the mortgage, say \$3,200, if the interest rate is 8%. Then he deducts local taxes and utilities, say \$1,800. Now he gets a deduction for depre-

ciation of up to 10% of the cost of the building (not the land) if it's frame, 5% if it's brick. This deduction is more than he needs to wipe out any tax liability for quite a number of years.

What he ends up with, then, is an after-tax return of \$1,000 from the duplex, compared with the \$140 he would have got on the bond. Also, his real-estate investment is appreciated; that is, his return will increase in inflation over the years pushing rents up. And, of course, it's more

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## 13

### ARE STOCK OPTION PLANS STILL AN ATTRACTIVE BENEFIT FOR EMPLOYEES?

You were used on gains from these under the old law, but there was an income averaging rule which allowed you to spread the income over a number of years to keep it from pushing you too high up the tax scale. This helped in situations where you made all your stock profit in one year. But the old averaging rule is being phased out and the new one is far less generous. This doesn't mean that stock options are no longer attractive; it's just that they'll be treated a little heavier. Senior employees should check with their companies to see if they're making any changes to ease the tax burden.

## 14

### ARE THERE ANY GOOD TAX DEALS LEFT FOR THE SMALL INVESTOR?

It depends on what you mean by "small" investor. Perhaps the most reasonable definition is someone with less than \$100,000 capital. He gets a little better deal on his dividend income with the new dividend tax credit rule (unless he makes over \$14,000 or so on his investments and then he's slightly worse off than he was under the old law). And he can probably thank himself lucky that capital gains tax is charged on only half his gains.

Probably the best tax deal is real-estate investment. Though the benefits have been reduced, they are still attractive. Take the investor who has \$20,000. If he buys 7% bonds and

## The test of a truly fine gin is not how many people try it but how long they stay with it.



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than likely the resale value will increase, too, if he's made a wise choice of property.

## 15

### IS THERE ANY TAX HELP FOR PEOPLE WHOSE INCOME SUDDENLY GOES WAY UP AND PUSHES THEM INTO A HIGHER BRACKET?

There are two new interest-entangling options to take care of situations like that. One averages backward, the other averages forward. The *lookward method* — general income averaging — is available to all taxpayers on all income. Under the old law, one could go along for five years making a taxable income of \$10,000 a year and his basic tax over the five years would total about \$11,000. Another man could make the same total amount over the five-year period with varying amounts and wind up paying more tax. Say he made \$5,000 a year for the first four years and \$26,000 in the fifth, or might happen with a young doctor or lawyer, then his total tax for the five-year period would have been about \$13,500. Since total income, but \$3,500 more tax. General income averaging helps out in this situation. There are a number of rules to abide by and the mathematics are very complicated too. Fortunately, you don't have to worry much about that. The Department of National Revenue has said that both the qualifying and the calculations will be taken care of automatically by its computers which have your tax history stored in their banks. You won't even have to ink. Remember, though, the *lookward-averaging method* won't be available until the 1973 tax year, when 1972 will be used as the base year.

## 16

### WHAT ABOUT THE PERSON WHO MAKES A WINOFAIR PROFIT, A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME "BIG HIT"?

The new and somewhat unique forward income-averaging plan should bring him a major tax saving. It covers most big windfalls that are likely

to come your way, including capital gains, a single payment from a pension plan, a lump-sum retirement payment, proceeds from the sale of a business, benefits under a stock option plan, or sudden income from a literary or other artistic work or from making it as an athlete, musician or entertainer.

Take the case of the \$12,000-a-year man who has been working for his employer for 20 years. During that time the company has built up no pension plan for him. The company is bought out and the employee is released, but the new owner feels the man has some recognition coming for his past services and gives him a lump-sum retirement payment of \$50,000. Ordinarily that retirement allowance is taxable that year. But suppose the average effective rate of tax for the employee over his 20 years with the company was 30%. One might expect that the lump-sum retirement allowance ought to be taxed at something close to the employee's average tax rate for the period during which he earned it. With that forward income averaging, the tax rate on the \$50,000 lump-sum payment would probably be over 30%, making the payment worth less than half its nominal value.

The answer for the man is to take advantage of the forward income-averaging rules which permit him to defer the tax on the payment if he is prepared to invest the money in what is called an "income-averaging security." Here's how it works: The employee has until 60 days after the end of the year in which he got the money to decide whether or not he wants to pay tax on it at that year. If he doesn't he goes to an insurance company and buys an income annuity for himself with as much of the money as he wishes to defer paying the tax on. Then he calculates his estate and is permitted to receive a deduction for the money he spent buying the annuity, less the first year's income expected from it. The annuity may be for as short as five years, or may provide for guaranteed payments for up to 15 years, or for the life of the person concerned. As he receives the annuity payments, he pays tax on both the principal and interest at each year's appropriate rate. It's up to him to decide that this technique will bring major tax savings. Anybody who anticipates being in that kind of position at some time in the near future should take a close look at the rules under which forward averaging is allowed. A decision to use this technique will sometimes be all-right, and a fairly substantial sum will be involved in most cases, so get some expert advice.

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later on, and if Canada is an economic colossus today, it's because we've always lacked the mechanisms that can make homegrown ideas with domestic roots.

The venture-capital business, then, is much more than an interesting sub-culture within the financial industry. If Canada is to regain control of its economy, the intelligent use of venture capital has to be a major ingredient of our strategy. It's obvious that we can't afford to "buy back" our economy from outsiders. What we can afford, though, is to provide the seed money that will give Canadian control of tomorrow's big industries. If you venture capital from somewhere else, remember, that made us where we are today — a country that makes a very good living by exporting our natural resources. But unless we start providing our own venture capital, there's no way we're going to develop the kind of economy that depends on ingenuity and innovation. Foreign-risk money might create another international Nickel, because the resources are here and the world wants them. But there will never be a "Canadian Xerox" unless we take the risks ourselves.

The granddaddy of all venture capital firms, American Research and Development Corporation, has "fused a Xerox" and now has several units. Founded in Boston in 1946 by a visionary mentor Georges Doriot, ARD made early investments in several high-technology companies that later became major beneficiaries of the venture and corporate boom of the 1960s. ARD's \$61,000 investment in a company called Digital Equipment Corporation, which makes computer accessories, is now worth \$34.6 million. Another early ARD investment, Tektronix, Inc., cost \$581,378, that stock is now worth \$5.4 million. In 25 years, ARD has sunk \$23.6 million into young companies. This stock is now worth \$313.5 million, which is a lot better than bank interest.

Teldec and Digital Equipment are legends in the trade. They've helped to give the venture capital business an impressively glamorous image. At some point in their careers, most venture capitalists have had to live up to it, usually in their terrific Canadian Corporate Management, a holding company (of which William Gordon is chairman), once sunk \$500,000 or so into a revolutionary type of motorcycle now selling but a fourth of full-horsepower riding around inside a metal casing, the prototype of the Belrive motor, as it was called, worked beautifully. But

the device bombed out in the later stages of development. These days, Walter Gordon sticks to investing in decidedly money things, like shopping centres. Charterhouse Canada Limited, one of the oldest Canadian venture firms, a few years ago backed a couple of young promoters who were trying to market a carbonated order called Apple Beer. "At that time," says Charterhouse President Stanley Sander, "everybody thought we were great guys, revelling in native exotica and all that. The short answer is that we took a \$10,000 flog that cost us \$50,000." The brief problem with Apple Beer was not entirely wanted to drink the stuff.

The real mystique of the venturing business, you see, is that you're not gambling on Revolutionary New Mousetraps as much as you're gambling on people. "After looking at a hell of a lot of inventions," says



Charterhouse president  
Stanley Sander:  
"We took a \$50,000 flog  
that cost us \$10,000."

George Montague of UNAS Investments Ltd., "my conclusion is that there just isn't anything that human ingenuity can't devise. But the real issue is, who does it? Is there a market? And if there is, can this guy put it over?"

Well, what would you say about Rudy Haring, a physics professor at Simon Fraser University who holds a string of patents and patent applications on some truly remarkable inventions? One of them is something called a Super-Conducting Quantum Interference Detector, which Dr. Haring calls "the world's most sensitive microphone"; it's keen enough to detect the presence of metal from several miles away. Another Haring invention is called a phonon mirror — a key step of common sulphide, which the use of a film of Selenium which functions as a microphone, an FM transmitter and as a photoelectric cell. You can ring out endless applications: super-vision

where microphones for bugging the drives in diplomatic missions, heart-beat monitors that could be taped to a patient's chest, with the signals fed into a computer that's been programmed to flash a warning signal in the on-duty nurse at the slightest tell-tale flutter, common speakers for your stores set that are triggered by beams of light.

In a perfect world, you would suppose, Dr. Haring's main financial problem would be to choose between big, luscious offers from Philips Electronics, General Electric and the CIA. In reality it's not that easy, because (a) for any invention, as modest as the super, there are enormous obstacles between the drawing board and the marketplace, and (b) this is Canada, and Canadians only invest in sure things.

Dr. Haring formed a little company called Cancon. Three Peter Kinnaird, and spent several thousand dollars of his own money as patent applications. Then he started looking for money in all the old, familiar places — his friends, the banks, grant-dispensing corporations and, finally, from the venture-capital firms of Toronto and Montreal. But nobody so far has put money in the deal. How come? Are Canadian investors really that cautious?

Yes, they are. But at the same time, the potential pitfalls are truly daunting. To produce a batch of phonon mirrors, you have to polish the crystal absolutely flat, so accurately few laboratories. This process is akin to carving diamonds — a highly skilled handicraft, and one that might not be readily adaptable to high-volume production.

That's one pitfall. Another is that it might take several years, and several hundred thousand dollars, to figure out which of the hundreds of potential applications is most likely to produce a profit, and then develop the product. And at the end of all that hassle, your decision on which application to pursue might turn out to be wrong.

But the most daunting pitfall is the inventor himself. Rudy Haring is a brilliant physicist, but he's just not the kind of guy you can readily imagine running a million-dollar company. There are some people who, when they walk into a room, give off a whiff of the jungle. Venture capitalists are finely attuned to this scent, and apparently they do not detect it when Rudy Haring walks into their offices. "There's almost a cultural mismatch," he says, "between people like myself and the people you have to raise funds from. They always

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## Just for the fun of it.



### MOUSETRAP continued

keep talking about a truck accident. What that means is, "How many million dollars did you make last year?" Well, hell, if I had a truck accident I wouldn't be investing around looking for money, now would I?"

There is still another difficulty. Having want to keep it Canadian—which, when you're trying to raise money, can be an inconvenient form of parsimony. Although they didn't offer to invest directly in Canada's Thin Files, two U.S. firms offered Haering jobs in their research laboratories, with extra blarney to work on the development of his invention. "I've had several offers like that," says Dr. Haering. "One of them would have paid me 1.5 times my salary here at SFU. Another offer would have meant twice the salary, and allowed me to stay in Vancouver. But I've turned down all these offers, because the whole idea is to try to do this in Canada."

Dr. Haering's experience points up one of the less appreciated disadvantages of being a U.S. colony. There are dozens of large U.S. corporations that can afford to gamble on ideas like Rudy Ruckert's. Their research facilities, understandably, are highly centralized—which means the laboratory work gets done by the American parent company and not by its Canadian subsidiary. The end result is that a lot of bright Canadian ideas eventually become profitable American products. "I'll give you a great example of that," says Dr. Haering. "On the same day, the very same day, I heard from one Canadian subsidiary that they weren't interested in putting money into product development. I got a call from the same company's American parent. They wanted out and one of my students to move to the States to head up a research group to develop our invention. Now that's a bit thick!"

Raising money to start a business has the same elusive quality to it as raising for pure research. It takes strong enough to stand the strain of getting there, you're probably strong enough for the actual job.

Based on this reasoning, another Vancouver inventor named John Smyth just might make it. Smyth is a coarse-looking 36, and for the past four years he's been tinkering with a device that will enable rubber firms to harvest logs by remote control. During the same period, with a sort of drink, dogged persistence, he's been raising the money he's needed to support himself while he perfects his invention.

In 1976, after spending months dickerin' for additional financing

with a Toronto venture firm called Varatch Investors Limited, he finally lost patience and publicly told Varatch's principals where they could put their money. Varatch's two partners, John Burke and Jim McKinney, were so shocked by this that they promptly bought \$15,000 worth of shares in Smyth's young company, Perennial Automotive Industries Limited. If the company doesn't pay the way Varatch is now betting it will, John Smyth could become a paper millionaire long before he turns 30.

Is Smyth a creature of the jungle?

Not exactly, but there's something winning about him that nonmoney can relate to. He's had all the conventional disadvantages: broken bones, mother-in-law's ugly kiks on a massage therapist's salary in Terrace, BC, John quit school at 15 and went logging to help support his brothers and sisters. At 17 he joined the RCMP to learn a trade. By the time he quit the air force three years later, he knew enough about electronics to converse on radio or line equal terms with PhDs in physics.

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## MOUSETRAP continued

Then he went back to contract logging and started wondering why logs couldn't be harvested more efficiently. Many west-coast firms now use a grapple yarder for this job — a sort of crane with a giant clawlike arm attached. Once the trees have been felled, you hook the logs to the clawlike arm and haul them in. The trouble is, the operator in the grapple-yarder's cab, because of distance or fog or bark, can't always see the logs he's supposed to be picking up; and it's hard for the man on the spot — the man who actually hauls up the logs — to communicate with the man who's at the controls. Using Snyder's remote-control system, the man who hooks the logs, by manipulating the levers on a small box, can personally control all of the machine. Tests using Snyder's system have yielded thirty dramatic production increases.

The first \$10,000 — which built the demonstration unit — was Snyder's own money. The next \$40,000 came from logging commissions and grant programs in BC who could appreciate the idea's potential. A federal government agency set up under IRDLA (Industrial Research and Development Incentives Act) came through with a \$14,000 grant.

But when you're trying to turn an idea into a product that will sell for \$12,000, this kind of money isn't enough. For four years Snyder's life ran in two phases: he'd make work but machine work he ran out of money, then he'd get on a suit, park his stretched crane and go out looking for the next chunk of capital.

Snyder finally got his money late last year. A Vancouver-based lumber company called Whoseack Industries bought majority control of Forestal for \$250,000. This should carry the firm to the point where it's ready to sell its product, and will also finance the acquisition of a small electronics firm that has the facilities to build the machines.

In this case the intervention of a venture capitalist won't ensure that it does illustrate the peculiar chemistry that must precede before the magical union of idea and money can happen. Hardie and McKinnay, the Toronto venture capitalists, had started and built a successful company of their own before going into the business. They look at as many as 150 to 200 deals per year, and in three years they've invested in only seven. Forestal was one of them because, as Hardie puts it, "Snyder has this sort of fire in his eye, something that sells you. The gut reaction."

The possibility for slightly apocryphal judgments seems to be about the only

thing that venture capitalists have in common. Otherwise they differ in their approaches, their badness, their willingness to take risks, and in the kind of deals that tend to interest them. Some venture capital firms — a surprising number, really — are run by the heirs to large family fortunes. Some are owned by associations of banks and insurance companies. Some will provide anything from rock festivals to nursing homes. Some — again, a rather surprising number — are single-stage start-ups.

The latest credit for for is Rick Investments Limited, run by Donald C. (Gus) Webster, of the Montreal Websters. He has invested in a Broadway play, lost \$1,000 to a bet on a Canadian expedition to the jagged Colorado to track down medicinal herbs, and poured a fairly embarrassing amount of money into the search for buried pirate treasure on Oak Island. One

Most other venture firms — UNAC, Charterhouse and Canadian Venture Development Corporation — seem to have more than one stage in their process to make investments at the very early stages of a company's development. They like to see a "track record", and in practice this usually means the entrepreneur must make his first few hundred thousand dollars alone, and perhaps even generate an earnings record, before they'll look seriously at the deal.

The willingness to accept early risks, not surprisingly, seems to bear some relation to the profile of the venture firms. Certainly one, Venturelink started about three years ago with a kitty of \$200,000 — the bulk of it from Jersey, the rest from Kendall House Limited, the Jersey holding company, Michael Hatt and Donald Losh, now his partners. This year the estimated value of their holdings is more than five million dollars.

How do they do it? The answer seems to be that the firm's venture capitalists are entrepreneurs themselves. Jeremy Kendall, now 33, made a rapid killing in the market while still in business school, buying marginal stock with money he'd borrowed from the bank. While at McGill as a junior executive at Atlas Steel, he bought up some houses around St. Catherine's which had been abandoned to make way for an extension of the Welland Canal, then bought him to move them to "We hardly broke even," he says, but a couple of them in business you can't do any thing but put up."



Venturelink president Jeremy Kendall: "We barely broke even."

recent acquisition is Thunder Sound, a Toronto recording studio. Another investment at Keweenaw, in Vancouver capital circles, is "the Monkey Movie" — a feature film, still unreleased, about monkeys making a film about people. Hides isn't clear exactly, though investments in monkey owners and bonded treasure are an expression of Webster's intellectual frustration.

Still, Rick is one of the few firms with a consistent record for investing in really bizarre deals at the stage when they're only a glimmer in the inventor's eye. Another is Venturelink International Limited, whose young president, Jeremy Kendall, is one of the few men on Bay Street who can claim to have attempted to invest in *Overboard*, they had a nice good period and was all ready to sell, but in the end decided this competition was too tough

Kendall and his two partners, who also played the market at mid-level ages, believe in dumping up a lot of their own funds before writing for some investor to wander in the door. They've put together a company in England which sells small computers, bought a small Vancouver-based firm called Hobbrough Limited which makes soap-rending equipment and, with a lot of financial assistance from the federal and Nova Scotia governments, bought a lighting electronics firm in Dartmouth from its British owners, Electro-Tek Inc. Moving forward, he named it Hercules Electronics and restructured management. The company made a modest profit in 1970 and the Dartmouth plant, instead of closing, now employs about 450 people.

Venture capitalists don't compute. They compute. If they can't make a deal, they'll often pass it on to one of their rivals. Two or more firms will sometimes join forces to invest in a single deal. They go to see another's parties, they phone each other a lot, they play squash together. If you

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### NOUSETRAP continued

talk to one venture-capital firm," says Rudy Haring, "you've talked to them all."

Once they're explored as ideas, outside their heads judgment of the man behind it and put up some money, one of two things can happen. Either the company develops on its own momentum and without much further assistance from the venture, or it becomes what people in the trade call "one of the living dead" — a company that's constantly in trouble, constantly needs attention. Venture capitalists feel that at least part of their job is to be high-level management consultants, they help guide the firm's organizational management, put a representative on the board of directors and, in many cases, insist on the power of veto over major corporate decisions.

This isn't a fast-track game. It usually takes about 10 years before the company develops to the point where its shares can be sold at a profit. In the meantime, the newer venture firms have to make fairly steady, unrelenting cash flow from their start-up investments. "It's a little like forestry," says one executive.

Soon or later, the government is going to have to get into this game. The Canada Development Corporation, with two billion dollars to play around with, is expected to allocate some of its funds to providing seed money to young Canadian companies. The Ontario government is experimenting with the same approach, through the Ontario Development Corporation.

It's doubtful, though, that a large federal bureaucracy will be able to make the kind of shrewd, sensitive decisions that are routine in the private venture trade. Very few of the VC firms now operating in Canada have decision-making groups of more than six people. Also, it's going to be hard to avoid political factors coloring into the CDC's decision-making process.

One solution, and one that's been attempted with some success in the U.S. by the Small Business Administration, would be to have the CDC, in effect, subcontract its decision-making function to private venture firms. Give a private firm about a third of a million dollars to set up a fund which would match the private firm's investment, dollar for dollar. This would instantly double the amount of money available for investment in young, high-risk ventures, and it would probably at least double the number of firms willing to go into the venture-capital business.

The CDC's long-term objectives, presumably, are to stimulate employ-

ment and to promote Canadian control of the economy. There are a number of government programs that now make loans or grants for these purposes. The Department of Regional Economic Expansion, for one, admits that it will make grants of up to \$10,000 to industries in slow-growth areas for each new job created. The creative use of risk capital can often do the same job for much less money. Ben Webster estimates that the \$14 million his firm has invested in new Canadian ventures in the past three years has helped create 140 new jobs. If Ottawa matched his dollar for dollar, he says, each job created would cost the government \$1,000 of taxpayer money.

Some kind of government stimulus is sorely needed, because there are two things wrong with the venture-capital business at the moment: there isn't enough capital, and it isn't venture-capital enough.

Even Polyprep, which is often cited as a classic venture-capital success story, had to resort to a roundabout strategy to get the money it needed to develop the invention.

Tom Joy, the entrepreneur who has managed the whole thing, used the glamour of Polyprep's "story" to interest stock market investors in the company. (This was a 1968 trick in the early and fondly remembered era when serial investors were willing to put money into anything that sounded new.) He got a Bay Street brokerage house, Mills, Spence and Co. Limited, to sell shares in the company in a series of public offerings. One of the firm's vice-presidents, the venture-capital firm, later, Polyprep made a public offering of further shares at five dollars each, thus putting two million dollars in the kitty.

Instead of using this money just to develop the invention, Joy bought a string of merchant companies that make plastic caps and containers and turned them into a tightly-knit organization which is now the largest manufacturer of rigid containers in the country.

It was the cash flow from the flourishing business that Joy used to develop Harold Humphrey's invention. And it's still being developed, at the moment Polyprep is all excited about a new way of manufacturing the pump as an integral part of the container, instead of a thing that screws in top. The new device is being marketed in several areas of the U.S. The day may come when everything in the home will be supplied through Harold Humphrey's enterprising imagination. But that day hasn't arrived yet. ■

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**SANDERSON** from page 38  
like, Mom," he told her, "I'd be shocked."

In the Brian program there's a group picture of the team. Everyone is in it — players, managers, trainers — a smiling, easy man, Sanderson. "I was still in Florida when picture people arrived at his house. They had to be judged right away. 'You do it, Mom,'" Derek said over the phone, "but make sure you don't choose one with me smiling." Sanderson works at that particular privilege. Before a game, while the other Bruins don a speedy circle loosening up, something Sanderson almost lumbers in their wake. Unsmiling, he makes the ice cream while he talks to police officers or journalists — just that much longer if the game is on international TV. He basks away from the ice-off, skating slowly, almost stilled, then moves in, skating and growing. Sometimes he discusses the ice cream, sometimes the opposing centre, but always the fans. "Come on, Sanderson, ya phony," someone hollers from the Brian crowd, "this ain't y'ours TV show." The play, you see, has worked. Sanderson the seven-voiced, seven-faced, seven-eyed, Bobby Orr may be out on the ice with his kno, Ken Dryden, the NHL, East All-Star goalie, waits at the other end; other All-Stars, Frank Mahovlich, Yves Cournoyer, J. C. Tremblay, are getting up for the power play, but the guy who is that is no more than a good, not great, player captures all the attention. And attention translates into bucks. Sanderson's name now is instant cash. A typical investment: someone for a sports car who has made it Sanderson's way is that one partner has the skill, another partner has the cash and/or political connections, and the third man is, someone like Sanderson, has the instantly recognized name.

The NHL, rather than being an end in itself, becomes, for those who seek it, the fastest and cheapest route to Easy Street. Think of it. All over Canada, and, increasingly, in the U.S. too, thousands upon thousands of kids play hockey with new NHL, old held before them — Gordie Howe, Jean Beliveau and, among the active players, Bobby Orr, Bobby Hull, and at most one or two others. As they move up through trials, pee-wee, midget, juvenile, junior and college play, the kids turn into young men in need of a car, a Rig Break, a windfall, or say old guy, even a trade. Of those thousands who wait to be called by the NHL, only 100-odd are chosen, and of these fewer than 35 or so are made it — even in the era of expansion. Of those who make it, only two or three reach

the state of being retired regularly. For those the NHL is not only the way up, it's the way out — to a flourishing business setup, a fat stock portfolio, or, in the dream of dreams Sanderson sometimes dreams, to Hollywood, to top-line television, the intersecting avenues of Easy Street.

In the Brian dressing room after a recent Montreal game I met an old buddy of Sanderson's, a new addition to the Montreal "Ces guys imagine," he said to me, "I grew up with this guy. And look where he is now!" He meant that, tips included, he could clear \$150 a week, maybe \$200, and here was his old buddy, Derek, already doing better than \$30,000 a year, and inevitably headed for much much more. Without such the NHL and his image-projecting, Sanderson himself might now, at 23, be earning — if he could find a job at Niagara Falls — \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year working now to show first days a week. With only the NHL, Sanderson at this point would be doing well earning \$30,000 a year.

The key, obviously, is it that projected image Sanderson helped build and now, sometimes, loses. The key, too, is not for Naurath, because successful self-promotion started long before the "Broadway Joe" show hit the road. The guy whose success falls in with the greatest of Hollywood traditions — Gable, Cooper, Gable, Martin Monroe — is, of course, Elvis Presley. Again, thousands of kids played better guitar than Presley, sang better, and better, but nobody came up with a better example — or nobody who did — long hair, a wig, a wig, in front, a football loose, over-the-shoulder shirt, banging his guitar — the image our toughest masses, our best partners, hooks, grooves, skirts, eyebrows, desperately loyal to, come hell or high water or Troy Tim The Gimmick, the image, was everything in British hundreds of pop bands were rushing for emulations, but only one, to begin with, found the genuine, the legends, hair, bangs, singing falsetto, amplifying to, straight, being trilled by frenzies, grooves, warden and older who put the old Beatles and Presley sentences to shame. The Beatles, with Presley said, is an instant Naurath and Muhammad Ali, celebrate the success of The Gimmick Muhammad Ali had talent, Naurath has enormous talent. In hockey terms Orr and Hull are on Naurath's wavelength, in gimmick terms Sanderson is the one who almost plays Naurath over.

If the NHL, and hockey in general, weren't an unbelievably stupid, Sanderson's image-projecting would not have

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been so unbelievably easy. The NHL owners are like one of those high-school principals forever suspending kids with long hair or jeans, he himself wears a half-sleeve, a knitted tie, a slat-shirt vest, he has crapped — rather immature of the costume crew wear the day they are spring from prison. At PEA drops he sports the messiness-and-disorder, bubbles, and parents — less and less, increasingly — spread. Anybody with a motorcycle at this game is a rebel, embrace the motorcycle with long hair and the culture's a rebel, even a revolution, so let us know. To that, go, too, sports as general and hockey as specific. The arena, a semi-building, local time-spend, selfishness, good health, economics, all the emotional virtues. He can watch players goaded to the eyeballs on benches or loose, see them line up at the front of hockey's podium, and he pushes about sports won't change a bit. To him an athlete is the young man in white shirt and excited blazer speaking to the local service staff about customs and discipline and success. He knows that anybody Sanderson has tangled with on the ice, is a prime contributor to the Sanderson legend. That hockey is an all-business monopoly enterprise faced unanimously by television never enters the go's mind. That hockey players think of the game on one level as "let's grab the money and run" is a similarly out of sight. Quite recently, in the Maple Leaf Gardens press box, I heard Johnny McKenney give a scathing TV interview, the only words I could make out were "money... money... money." Knowing what he knows about Brian Bonin, had seasons, early exits, trading managers, knock-knocking trades, a player would be an actor to look at such size. Most to enter and image the word NHL players lose most a "fascination." Sanderson's investments will turn out well because the system who think of him as a sports-guy who sees the sports-squid image going hard and long. In Boston I introduced Sanderson to a young woman in her late twenties. She says, "Hey, Derek, you're a coach guy." Later she explains, "We love him because he's one of our fifties on our side. The rest of them are nothing but squares."

In Toronto, a waitress approaches our table shyly "Derek," she says, "my daughter-in-law just loves you. She'll kill me for this, but just something personal to her work on an autograph. She doesn't really care for hockey, my daughter-in-law she doesn't even care for Bobby Orr. She'd do

anything for you, Derek. She says it all the time. Maybe it's because you look like my son — hey, oh thanks, Derek, you're a real hero."

That same afternoon two kids in hockey sweaters break into the area where the Bruins are eating. Orr isn't around, but almost all the other Bruins are. "Hey," a kid says to Phil Esposito, "which one's Derek Sanderson?" Phil shrugs and points. The other players glare, the kid passes the culture marker by giving Sanderson's autograph for himself and his buddy, signals with delight, and leaves. It's almost like that every-where else. From Orr, that Sanderson — plus Esposito and McKenney — thus the indifferently treated. The players glare because though nobody thinks himself as good a player as Bobby Orr, or as good a scorer as Phil Esposito, or as good a scrapper as Johnny McKenney or Teddy Green,



everybody, almost to a man, thinks of himself as at least Sanderson's hockey agent, if not his superior. Yet there's Sanderson, talking about a shoe-pair of gold slacks he just bought for \$15 per. In every age they fit there's Derek's gambling photo and the WHA tale of two and a half million bucks. I sit at a table with a couple of players. "I don't want to talk about Derek," a Bruin says quietly. When another player joins the table and I told him about a piece on Sanderson, his immediate response is "Well, that won't take long, will it?" Even Tom Johnson, Sanderson's coach, can't hide his feelings. "Not another thing about Sanderson?" he says. "Why can't people try something hard for a change?"

Sanderson's comeback is that what he has done is to much a contribution to the NHL and other players is to himself. "They don't even know what I did for them," he tells me. "I was the first one with long hair in

this league. I gave them their first moustache. I was the first guy to smooth the top down. Nobody else did a thing. For two years they paid me back with stores. I was being traded to Toronto."

We walk along a Boston sidewalk, pass a sporting goods store. Hanging in the window is a yellow sweatshirt inscribed **BEAR IS UNREAL**. To go with the printing is a line drawing of Sanderson's state moustache, his hair shorter, his sideburns much more like Elton's. "That's me two years ago," Sanderson says. "I'm nothing like that anymore." At such as we leave the store he buys a softball moustache, later, at a corner's, he gets out a succession of pilgrim hats, Paul Revere troupers, a Greek helmet, a W.C. Fields bandaged top hat, to draw imitations, clown around, smiling, giving a ball. For an instant all thoughts of The Sanderson are lost, but he doesn't have to protest the Unreeling Image: in front of me is a charming, relaxed, self-mocking, shy Canadian kid, the same one his mother, Caroline, describes, the same one Judy Martin has been telling me about.

Earlier I've been to a Bruin workout at Boston Community. Sanderson, the Sunday night before, had scored three goals and had two assists in a one-sided slaughter of the Detroit Red Wings. Everybody was cool and kidding. After the workout I got into Sanderson's car, and, moving at about two miles an hour, he asked it at Johnny McKenney. Without moving a hair, McKenney vaulted up on the hood, dived up over the roof, then down off the trunk, as if he'd merely stepped over a hockey stick. Sanderson and the other Bruins watching continued with lay-down-winded water.

Free or no, long-haired BC students were watching. To them, undoubtedly, Sanderson looked curiously punkish and neat. But that's the way he came through to me from the early beginning. At a hockey town, all around him from a hockey town, southern Ontario, more typical than he thinks, less abrasive than other people think Derek is and enough. If Trudeau can be contradictory, why isn't a hockey player from Niagara Falls? If Sanderson isn't stirred by most philosophers, academics, tycoons, politicians, why should one be surprised when a young man like Derek Sanderson on the very same day blurs draft designs and set signs he autographs "Photo." If Derek Sanderson is a natural, he's no more excited than the two-dimensional four-color-poster would be thrown in, that needs his name they be ready it. ■

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# FILMS BY JOHN HOFESS

The one thing missing from Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs* is an achievement of the sort for a Charles Alden "Dyane Tevis" extreme source that will make every Neanderthal walking into a strutting "he-man" women will love and men will fear. One sits for two hours only to be told not to let bullets look sad in your face. The rule would be better repeated: look push-ups or having one's teeth to give them a taste of life.

In the novel *The Sign of the Cross* by Gordon M. Williams, which Peckinpah and David Goodson adapted for the screenplay, a 35-year-old couple, George and Louise Magruder, married for nine years with an eight-year-old daughter, move to a West Country district in England. George Magruder is a senior member of the English Department at the University of Philadelphia. He's writing a book about the 18th-century English district Brinkleyton (the name is fictional) and he decides to spend his sabbatical year in England to do further research. Unfortunately they choose the parish of Dunloe which, the author tells us, has been long known for centuries and produced an unusual number of successful idiots and even worse psychopaths. The book is based on bad biology and even worse psychology.

The plot hinges (weakly) on the escape of a lunatic from a nearby asylum. A notorious child-murderer, Henry Niles, is discovered to be missing on the same evening that a young girl from the village disappears. The townsfolk band together in vigilante groups to seek him out.

Magruder, along with a dozen other American outsiders, had once saved a peasant and submitted it to the British government, warning that the life of Henry Niles be spared. The justice may have been of little influence, nevertheless Niles' death sentence was commuted. To preserve Niles from harm Magruder tries to take his house standing to return him safely to the police. But when Niles makes advances to his young daughter he has her taken unconscious with a rifle. Meanwhile, a group of drunks have gathered outside demanding that he turn Niles over to them. He refuses. He believes Niles is already dead. The group attack him. He accidentally kills one, and manages to run the rest. The next day when visitors arrive Magruder passes off the night's events as "a spot of bother," followed by a laugh. About the only thing that has changed are his views on capital punishment.

The novel is a thriller and no one could say that Sam Peckinpah has failed it. But the novel is of interest because it shows what Peckinpah has added or changed. In the film George Magruder (Dustin Hoffman) is a misanthropic who will "kill Niles to escape a better way of life. His wife (Susan George) is so young it appears he married one of his students, and one who flunked the course. They have no children, and the film hints that Magruder is impotent—along

with being cowardly, obese and generally ineffectual. His wife is a sex kitten on a hot tin roof. When she is raped (often aggressively than not) by two workmen she says nothing of the matter to her husband, which she regards as a conceivable weakness. According to *Straw Dogs* there are only two good things in life: sex and violence. When the drunks come banging at the farmhouse door, Magruder kills them all — one gets his feet blown off and bleeds to death, another gets his head locked in a bear trap and chokes in the steel jaws, one gets shot, and so on. True to its intention the movie comes to life only during the scenes of rape and vicious brawling. Everything else in the film is made to be so boring there's nothing but violence to respond to. The film cheats at every opportunity to advance its theme more subtly than dangerous. At the end George Magruder has become transformed into a sort of man who would find a copy of Kenneth Clark's *Childhood* into a fire. His wife is breathing heavily and looking at him with renewed respect and desire. No more workmen, no more rape, no more violence. Magruder has passed into adulthood, or adulthood, and will drag his wife across the floor by the hair — as one of her rapists did — (oh the prehistory thrill of it all) and beat his breast and groin when the phone rings. *Straw Dogs* is one of the most popular films of the year due to the success of Dustin Hoffman. A film that is popular without being well liked, however, and the film might be a flop if it were offered a release. Some critics have called it one of the 10 best films of the year. I don't dispute that as long as they mean 25 B.C.

*Dirty Harry* is a blood relative to *Straw Dogs*. Both



Dustin Hoffman

deal in morbidly overemphasized, both could reference a violence to complete problems. Both display a voracious contempt for intellectual values. 32 Americans have learned anything from Vietnam is a sharp contrast to these films, the same impulses are ready to be triggered again. *Dirty Harry* is a police melodrama directed by Don Siegel (Marty) and starring Clint Eastwood as Inspector Harry Callaghan. He represents an urban police goodness pursuing suburban evil with a tag gun. The film argues that only men like Callaghan were given their heads and an endless supply of ammunition they would soon require "law and order" to American cities. William French is reportedly President Nixon's favorite film of recent years. *Dirty Harry* and *Straw Dogs* would, I suspect, be more to the taste of a George Wallace. These are hard films. Tired of democracy, of non-violence, tired of the effort needed to understand modern society and problems in depth. They have no creative energy. They are sustained solely by the rage of frustration.

**Recommendable:** *Nicholas and Alexandra* is like a huge huge battle with tanks. It has a glittering splendor that is stark and it moves slowly. It's easy to say that most should have been made of Robert R. Mutt's head rather than the fall of the Bolsheviks and the Russian Revolution then this merely serviceable entertainment. But given the opulence of epic film (over two adventures with millions of dollars at stake) *Nicholas and Alexandra* is as fine and tasteful a film as can be expected, thanks to producer Sam Spiegel (fewer of Anshu. The *Brinkleyton* or *The American* King: Best of Cecil DeMille's best actors are in the end. ■

John Williams is a Canadian film director and critic.



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# MUSIC

## BY DONI NEUWLANDS

"What if we do tonight?"

I don't.

"Let's go and hear the Camille grant, Claude Savard?"

Who's he playing?

"Some Scarlatti, a Beethoven sonata and some Chopin, Liszt and Prokofiev."

No thanks, I've heard Scarlatti played by Myra Hess, Beethoven sonatas by Arthur Schnabel and the rest by Vladimir Horowitz, so why bother? Listening to Savard would be like going through a room of the loudest in the Supper Opera's guests. That's because a second-rate artist makes a concert hall a pretty dull place, particularly when he's performing works I've heard all my life. You see, I want to hear only the interpreter who can shed new light on the composer's intention — someone like pianist Renald Taroni.

"But don't you think you owe the second-rate artist an obligation?"

I don't think such an artist or, for that matter, any concert hall proprietor has the right to expect me to support their artistic edifice any more than I should be expected to support a musician full of cheap illusions. A musician of universally acclaimed talents deserves to be supported, but second-rate interpretations of great works should be discouraged. Don't people realize that great works of music are being so outrageously despised these days that it has become almost impossible to escape hearing the vulgarization of a cultural masterpiece?

Oh, tolerance is a good cry but it must not be applied to art. Art succeeds best in an atmosphere of esteem. Today, however, bad art proliferates because standards of excellence are ignored by unscrupulous promoters. A first showing of a young artist's original paintings can be an disappointing experience, but a genuine copy of the work would try anyone's tolerance.

The performance of a piece of music, as do art, is judged by artists which are available to anyone with the most rudimentary sense of selection and the price of a recording. Did you know that there exist today in almost every record shop in Canada at least 25 great interpretations of every work in the basic classical repertoire? Consequently, anyone interested in serious music can acquire a personal selection of the world's greatest performances of music's greatest works. So instead of going out to hear a predictable performance of great work, they can stay home and listen to the best the world has to offer in said concert. Not only will the performance be assured but the audience will be better, too.

Don't misunderstand me. I think Claude Savard should be encouraged to continue to play Scarlatti and Beethoven because in time, he just may succeed in raising the standards of interpretation and, in the meantime, the encouragement he

will require (financial and otherwise) will surely come from audiences who can still thrill to second-rate performances. Have you noticed that second-rate performers never seem to run out of second-rate audiences? A condition that is good for artists and bad for art.

But there's another more important reason. Performances of great works of the past belong in museums — personal museums, but museums nonetheless — and the sooner we accept that, the sooner musicians can once again come to grips with music relative to their age. Our age. It's absurd to think that 19th-century music hangs for yet another generation of interpretation. Definitive performances of great works exist and so an infinite number of copies should not occupy the minds of future generations, any more than deep imprints of the Part II should be reproduced and expected to further the know of both artist and spectator.

But you might argue that no one really wants to listen to today's serious music. And you'd be right, because composers of modern serious music are not obliged to work in the marketplace — to rise or fall as the case may be.

So modern serious music is, for the most part, irrelevant because composers are writing for other composers, and for them to suffer the ill luck of having their works underwritten and appreciated . . . well, that would be having them below their cultural bells. Art must be hardy, whereas art dishonestly nurtured under artificial conditions cannot be expected to survive in a dispute chiding with 19th-century stiffness.

**Recommend:** Renald Taroni, pianist, plays Schubert, Grieg and Rachmaninov (RCA LSC-1145). The record jacket



Taroni

moderately *privilegié* (as the Montreal-born Taroni is one of Canada's most distinguished and prominent musical performers). They would confidently have said that Taroni belongs in the front rank of the world's tiny group of top pianists. When you listen to this recording, relax, because you are listening to the best. Some will say that his Schubert lacks salt, but I say the salt is there, only you aren't able to taste it because your Schubert has been so heavily garished of late that you have forgotten its real flavor.

The Grieg and Scarlatti is a work rarely found on record programs, partly because in order to pull it off the pianist has to have formidable equipment and a comprehensive grasp of the work's subtleties. Taroni has both. The two Rachmaninov works (Prochop Opus 33, No. 1 and the Etude-Tableau Opus 33, No. 4) belong in your personal treasure house for they are the next best thing Horowitz released the same Etude-Tableau recently. However, was produced in the white heat of a live performance while Taroni's was coolly rendered in a sound studio. Both performances call for full volume treatment to render truth, i.e., a one-to-one stereo — with up up, all counts.

**Horowitz Plays Chopin** (Columbia M30643). Horowitz plays Rachmaninov (Columbia M30645). With the release of these recordings, Vladimir Horowitz, 68, once again reaffirms his position as pianist Nuptur Dux. When Horowitz appeared in the Grand Paris of the 1930s, the police had to be summoned to clear the halls. Things haven't changed much. He still has the kind of noble face that whips up a frenzy. ■

*Doni Neuwlans the photographer, is also a classical pianist*

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# BOOKS

BY DONALD CAMERON

While *First Found* first read his notes, *Albino*, in a Paris café, they say the room shook. The only time a room ever shook for me was the afternoon during a conference of young poets written at the University of New Brunswick, when Rudy Wiebe read *Where Is The Voice Coming From?* After Wiebe finished his story, a complete rediscovery for our time of an obscure Indian rebellion in Saskatchewan 75 years ago, the room was hushed as though everyone had been stunned. As indeed we had. Wiebe is richly layered and orchestrated, haunting, absorbing, one of the finest writers I've experienced.

In the bubble over coffee (and, around tables) asked for the story David Hilgwig won, and it appears in *Francis Street* (Neph. Bear Canadian Stories Of 1971) (Oberon, \$2.95 cloth, \$2.95 paper) along with others by the likes of Gwendolyn MacEwan, D. O. Smith, Phyllis Galka, George Bowering, Martin Engel and Allen Neelands. The book offers a good sampling of what Canadian story writers, especially the younger ones, are up to these days. Fustiness, humor, ecological awareness, sexual uncertainty and versions of Indian myth take their place beside the usual Canadian realism. Some of the stories are less than competent, and several are excellent, a tribute to the judgment of editors Hilgwig and Tom Marshall.

Ironically, though fairly recent, indicates Canadian stories these days, the short story is the form in which Canadian fiction first achieved international quality. Morley Callaghan, Stuart Wilson, Sinclair Ross, and Margaret Laurence are best comparison with anyone now working in English, and younger writers like Dave Giffney, Hugh Hood and Alice Munro continue to speak from the heart.

Hugh Giffney is of the Callaghan generation, and his twelfth book, *Violence Of The Furies* (McGraw-Hill, \$7.95), is also his fourth collection. Tough and blunt, traditional in form, Giffney's stories reveal a preoccupation, unusual in Canada, with the lives of the downtrodden, the oppressed, the beleaguered.

Like Giffney, Hugh Hood is fascinated by the burning intensity of human life and convinced that "there are residents outside his private concerns. The first stories in *The First Men* *The Most Men* And *The Men* (Oberon, \$3.95) (cloth, \$2.95 paper) present themselves as objective reports of life-styles quite independent of Hood, and even the worst stories read honest reality rather than self-absorption. The book is uneven, but strong. At 43, Hood is still growing as a writer.

Norman Levine is five years older, but he stopped growing long ago. Why are nearly half the stories from *One Way Ticket* (1961) reprinted 10 years later in *I Don't Want To Know Anyone Too Well* (Macmillan, \$6.95)? Why does Levine compulsively read the same stories, presently listed on the same autobiographical incidents, in almost the same

words? Surely things have happened to him other than the English girl at McGill, the poverty in Sussex, the artist's warren at St. Ives.

Austin Clarke, says his publisher, is "the only important writer who explores black-white relationships in Canada." True enough, and one wants to admire him. But his most recent novel, *The Moving Picture* (1987), is not admirable. Because the characters move apart, the plot is self-destructive rather than powerful. The nature of any discussion becomes clear in *When We Were Free And Young And No One Had To Wear Suits* (Anansi, \$7.50 cloth, \$2.75 paper), which contains several stories featuring characters from the novel. West Indian immigrants seeking the pot of gold in Canada are bewildered to discover that in this brave new country they do not easily become rich, nor do they eagerly shed the stigma of their color. While people are racist everywhere. But that is not a simple truth, nor is it the only truth even in the life of a black immigrant. In some of his new stories, however, Clarke displays much greater moral complexity. A black man, again, both races, against the texture of race and class, and against his whole liberal world. When he thus reveals to his uncomprehending black friend the poem he has written to her ("Time has no gun over love and you") we are permitted entry into a poetically multiple human predicament. Clarke's blacks become real, and so, at last, do their agonies. And at those very points, Clarke becomes an interesting writer.

**166** *Calculus* by "Aisha" (Tarry Mosler), (Rampart Publications, \$2.95) Though not as well-known a cartoonist as Duncan Macpherson (Toronto Star) or Les Norris (Vancouver Sun), Tarry Mosler is certainly in the same league as these editorial-page wits. This is his first book — compared to 10 by Macpherson and 20 by Norris — but then he's only 29. Working out of Montreal since 1966, mainly for the Montreal Star and Montrealer, Mosler has a pen that portrays the powerful of Quebec and Canada with strokes that ring from the gutty neck to the barely comfused.

He has little time for comforting cartoons in a world he views as generally unjust, hostile for the majority of people. If you're interested in very subtle and knowing smugness rather than belly laughs and empty giggles, Aisha is for you. — *Ken*

**Galt, U.S.A.: The "American Presence" In A Canadian City** by Robert L. Perry (Maclean-Hunter, \$3.25). In his usually lucid and case study of U.S. economic penetration into Galt, a medium-sized industrial centre in southwest Ontario, Perry goes behind the economic interrelationships' wary statistics in an intriguing examination of some of the people who are afflicted by these lightning take-over figures. Based on his 1971 series in *The Financial Post*, Perry's own characters are businessmen that don't imagine they make for dry reading — his journalism is vibrant. And Perry's a vibrant anecdotalist and lets his people spill out the implications for Galt — and Canada. *Galt, U.S.A.* should be a text for every university and high-school Canadian history and politics course. It's food for nationalists, a challenge to conservatives and compulsory for every Canadian. — *Ken*

Don Cameron teaches English at the University of New Brunswick

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Premium Canadian Rye Whisky... the only Canadian Rye that's made from all rye grain. And Distilled in the old fashioned way to give you the smoothest taste you can get in a whisky.

ALBERTA PREMIUM





## The Peppermint Martini.

Somebody once said, "If the perfect martini is ever created, it won't be a martini." Contradictory as that sounds, he had a point.

The two things that stood between the martini and perfection were gin and vermouth. Substitute Smirnoff for gin and you're halfway home. But what can you substitute for

vermouth? We haven't found it yet, but we think we've come close.

Peppermint Schnapps! (Honest.) It freshens the palate, makes a well-chilled drink seem even chillier and tastes as briskly explosive on the tongue as it feels going down.

An added plus is that after a few sips it makes your mouth taste terrific.

You might consider trying one or two when you're getting together with a person you care for. Meantime we'll keep trying to come up with something even more perfect.

**Smirnoff**

it leaves you breathless.

